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Extra! Our Next Issue will Contain a Complete Photographic Record of the Operations of Our Troops, from Siboney to Santiago—The Most Reliable Photographs of the War.—TAKEN BY J. C. HEMMENT.

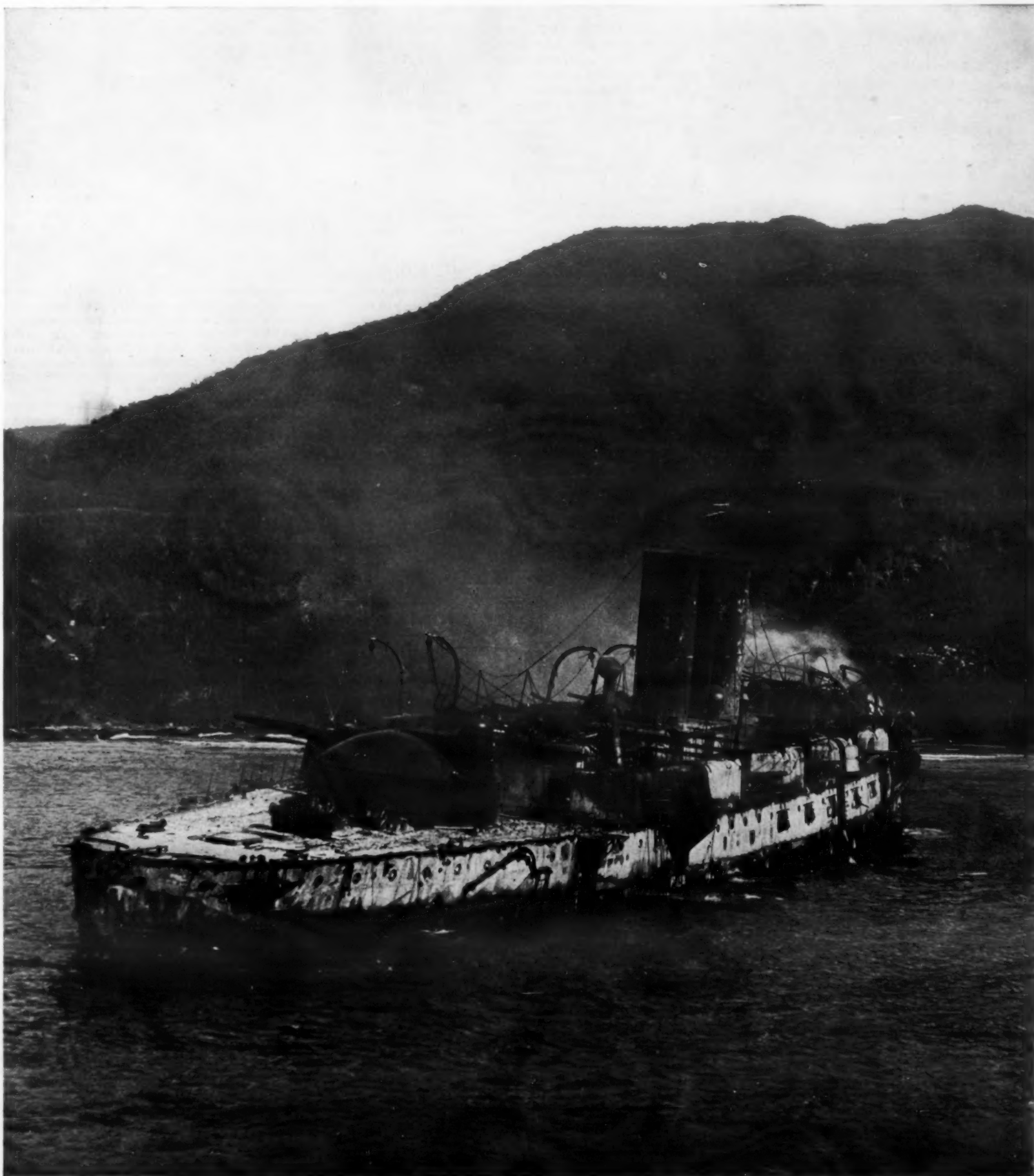
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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SHOT ALMOST TO PIECES IN THIRTEEN MINUTES!

THE SPANISH WAR-VESSEL "OQUENDO," OF CERVERA'S FLEET, AS IT APPEARED ON THE MORNING OF JULY 4TH, THE DAY AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY SCHLEY, AFTER A THIRTEEN MINUTES' ENGAGEMENT—THE HEAT OF THE BURNING VESSEL WAS SO INTENSE THAT THE PAINT CRUMBLED INTO A WHITE ASH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

Enormous Possibilities of the Pacific Coast.

TRADER follows the flag. The greatest direct gainer by our war with Spain is to be the Pacific coast. The planting of the American flag in Hawaii and in the Philippines means the establishment of thriving American centres of trade in the heart of the Pacific. We will learn by practical experience what the most distant foreign nations require, and the peculiar conditions under which these requirements must be met.

The Pacific coast is within easy reach of the newest American possessions, and also of the west coast of South America, China, Japan, and Oceanica, but it has not taken advantage of its situation. Great Britain, Germany, and France have taken the bulk of the trade. The serious depression in the cotton industry of New England is teaching us a lesson. We must turn from our own to the larger markets of the world. And we can extend our trade best by following our own flag, as England has followed her flag over the face of the globe. Great Britain, in 1896, supplied about one-third of the total imports of the Philippine Islands, and these included cotton goods to the value of over \$15,000,000. With the Philippines in our control its cotton markets should be ours, and if New England's mills cannot pay the freight the mills that are, or are to be, on the Pacific coast will undertake the contract.

Our foreign trade has reached amazing proportions. Its expansion this year is the surprise of the commercial world, and means, in the judgment of many, that we have seen the last of the agitation for an increase of tariff rates. The new internal war taxes are to stay, and lower rates of duty are to come, because the country has grown up under the fostering care of a protective tariff to a point where its industries are able to compete on more equal terms with those of foreign lands. Our fingers itch for the world's commerce, and we are reaching out for it in the wake of Old Glory. This little table is full of suggestions:

OUR IMPORTS FROM AND EXPORTS TO THE GRAND DIVISIONS DURING THE ELEVEN MONTHS ENDING JUNE 1ST, 1898.

	Imports	Exports
Europe.....	\$281,091,002	\$901,014,786
North America.....	81,267,474	127,125,929
South America.....	85,859,245	30,748,846
Asia.....	85,881,156	41,561,531
Oceanica.....	23,305,132	19,979,555
Africa.....	6,786,017	16,097,939

The Pacific coast, by reason of its nearness to the east coast of South America, might properly strive for at least one-fourth of the trade of our South American republics, and for all our trade with Asia and Oceanica. With this trade, it would have handled, during the period mentioned, over \$67,000,000, or six per cent. of our total exports; and \$180,000,000, or twenty five per cent. of our total imports. What would such a volume of business mean to San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Los Angeles, and San Diego! Every country on the globe is a customer of the United States. Yet we have scarcely sought to do business with most of them. They have come to us. We sell far more to Europe and North America than we buy from them, as the little table shows. But we buy twice as much from South America and Asia as we sell, and we import \$3,000,000 worth of goods more from Oceanica than we sell to these islands. Our Pacific coast, the next-door neighbor of China, Japan, and Oceanica, should lead all the world in the struggle for their trade.

All of Europe is crowding its freighted ships on the Atlantic, seeking openings for commerce. They are far ahead of us there. But Providence has given us the decided advantage on the Pacific. We are the one great trading nation just across the sea from the Oriental lands. They look upon us as their nearest neighbor and best friend. England and the continent are far away, and more feared by them than respected. Our exports to Asia during the past year were nearly fifteen per cent. greater than those of the preceding year, and our exports to China have trebled in three years.

And to all else we must add the vast development of trade on our Pacific coast made certain by the opening of the great gold-fields in the Northwest. The gold diggings in the region of the Yukon will draw a steady stream of capital and population in that direction for years to come,

and every branch of Western trade and commerce will have the benefit of it. Our Alaskan territory has already assumed importance in the eyes of the commercial world not dreamed of three years ago, and its development as a mining region has only begun.

The completion of the Isthmian canal would bring the East within easier reach of the Orient, but before this great work can be finished the world will see a surprising development of manufactures and commerce on the Pacific coast. Nearly half a century ago the prophetic eye of New York's foremost statesman, William H. Seward, foresaw the dazzling future. It seemed almost as if he might have peered into the wonderful events of the present, when he said, from his seat in the Senate, that "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

The star of empire moves westward still, and it is moving more swiftly than ever now, while it follows the American flag. Go to the Pacific coast, young man.

The Cry of the Philippines.

AMERICA! From out the East a cry

Rings forth; a cry that is of God's decree:

"Plant on these isles thy flag, for we would be

One with thyself, and on thy strength rely.

We know thy past, we hear thy voice whereby

Mankind downtrodden learns that it is free;

Come break our shackles—come across the sea

And lift us up. We wait for thy reply."

This is the call these far-off ocean isles

Extend to thee, fair land. And what dost thou,

True Freedom's child, think best to say in turn?

Oh, may'st thou answer that their wave-washed miles

Of tropic-land thou wilt with peace endow;

And that for them thy beacon-light shall burn.

HERMAN BABSON.

Porto Rico in a Nutshell.

Now that we are to take and, in all probability, to keep Porto Rico, a few facts in a nutshell regarding it may be worth preserving. Porto Rico has an area of 3,670 miles, and is, therefore, about one-fourteenth as large as Cuba, or nearly four times as large as Rhode Island, and almost as large as Connecticut. It has a population of about 800,000, including 300,000 negroes, and its chief city is San Juan, with 23,000 inhabitants, although Ponce and San Germain are both larger. Its principal exports are coffee, sugar, molasses, and tobacco. The climate is agreeable and is readily endured by persons from the temperate zone. It is divided into eight departments or districts, including the island of Vieques. It has 470 miles of telegraph, 137 miles of railway, and 170 miles under construction.

In 1897 the United States imported from Porto Rico commodities valued at \$2,181,000, and exported to Porto Rico commodities to the value of not quite \$2,000,000. The total value of Porto Rico's imports was \$16,000,000, and of its exports \$14,600,000. The western part of the island produces an abundance of the finest coffee in the world, and its average annual export is nearly 170,000 cwt. With the annexation of Porto Rico we will be in possession, therefore, of one of the best coffee and tobacco-growing countries in the world. The finest Havana cigars are made from Porto Rican tobacco, of which 7,000,000 pounds are annually produced. Porto Rico is also one of the chief sources of supply of coconuts and bananas, producing both of these by the millions. Its location makes it very available for a coaling and outfitting station for United States vessels, and it is the general impression that whatever the terms of peace with Spain may be, they will include the cession of Porto Rico to us.

After Santiago, What?

THE war with Spain has cost the United States thus far nearly \$125,000,000, and, as a result, as far as Cuba is concerned, we have destroyed Cervera's fleet and captured Santiago, and control the eastern end of the ill-fated island. This is an enormous expenditure, and of more consequence than the money involved is the loss of over 250 lives and the wounding of over 1,400 of our brave men.

And now, after Santiago, what? The capture of that city has revealed the startling weakness of the Spanish army. It was so poorly fed and so poorly disciplined that it had sacked Santiago. The entire war on the part of Spain in Cuba seems to have been a war of brag and bluster. The much-dreaded mines in Santiago harbor proved to be miserable makeshifts of no account. The terrible guns of its fortifications overlooking the harbor of Santiago were not nearly as formidable as they had been supposed to be. And the Spanish soldiery turned out to be a half-fed and half-clothed lot of desperate men. We have little doubt that the condition of Havana, of its fortifications and its soldiery, is little better than the conditions found at Santiago, after its capitulation.

Spain wants peace, but insists that it must have "peace with honor." Whatever that may mean, we should waste no time over such a proposition. Let there be no quibbling about terms. Let us compel a treaty of peace, by forcing the warfare all along the line. The plans for the capture of Porto Rico cannot be executed too quickly. The bombardment of the Spanish coast cities should begin at the earliest possible moment. Our troops should knock at the gates of Havana as soon as they can be landed there, and our fleet in Havana harbor should see that the knocking is not in vain.

Spain is bankrupt. It is at the end of its resources. It is a blustering pauper filled with self-conceit, and should be made to know that we will yield nothing, compromise nothing, propose nothing, until Spain submits and cries for quarter. And to this end let every resource of our government be drawn upon with-

out a moment's hesitation, without a thought of an armistice or of the acceptance of anything but an unconditional surrender. Let us fight it out on this line, and it need not take all summer to settle the war and the fate of Spain. Then let us deal with the vanquished foe considerably, justly, and according to his deserts.

The Soldiers' Pie.

THE good sense of the recent statement sent out by the War Department discouraging the practice of sending delicacies to troops in the field will be recognized at once by all whose appetites are not dominant over their intellects. A great many feel that our soldiers should have as many luxuries as can be afforded to repay for the sacrifices they are making and to atone in some measure for the hardships they suffer.

But the practice is condemned for reasons far more practical. It is of prime importance that the military arm of the government shall be kept in the highest possible state of physical health. It is specially important that our soldiers shall be safeguarded from the debilitating effects of a tropical climate and from diseases incident to new and unusual conditions. This cannot be if their diet is not regulated somewhat in accordance with common sense and hygienic principles.

A good fighter needs all the ardor and hopefulness that go with sound digestion. When our boys come home they shall live on pie for the rest of their lives if they want to and can stand it, but until Cuba is free they must submit to the dietary laws of their watchful and wise Uncle Sam.

The Plain Truth.

THE return of a party of Klondikers to the Pacific coast, bearing \$3,000,000 in gold, means a revival of interest in the Alaskan gold regions. The outbreak of the war totally eclipsed the interest in Dawson City and its surroundings.

A Boston lady, after visiting New York recently, remarked that she was amazed and pained by hearing in our public streets and conveyances so much vile and profane language. The law against profanity in New England is a good one, and we are glad that President Guggenheimer, of the Municipal Council of the greater New York, has submitted an ordinance against public profanity and foul language in this city, which has been promptly adopted.

A suggestion to which the President and the Cabinet might properly give heed has been made by Mr. Cuyler Reynolds, of Albany, New York, a contributor to LESLIE'S WEEKLY. He suggests that, in the exchange of prisoners, the Cubans confined by the Spaniards on the island of Cucta should be taken into consideration. We might exchange some of our Spanish prisoners of war for these unfortunate Cubans. What would be better for the cause of humanity?

From distant Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, comes a letter to LESLIE'S WEEKLY from a young American girl, emphatically protesting against the suggestion that the name *American Boy* shall be given to the new war-ship for which a Western school-boy is raising funds among the school-children. She suggests the name of *Young America* or *American Youth*, on the ground that American girls are contributing fully as much to this patriotic cause as their brothers, and we think she is right.

We doubt if any good is done by the publication of criticisms respecting the care and treatment of troops at the front. Alarming reports of this nature simply add to the anxieties of those who remain at home, and can do no possible good. It is not an ordinary task to organize, equip, and care for an army in a country that has been on a peace footing for thirty years. The Rev. Madison C. Peters, of New York, and other clergymen who have been casting public aspersions on the management and care of our troops would do better to present the proofs of their accusations to the constituted authorities at Washington, where they would be sure of a respectful hearing. Let us all try to be helpful to the boys at the front, as well as mindful of those whom they have left behind.

The letter of President McKinley to General Shafter at Santiago, the first document of the kind ever written by a President of the United States, settles any question that may have arisen regarding the status of the inhabitants of the captured Cuban city. The President's letter notifies the inhabitants of the arrival of a new political power which will protect them in their employments and in their personal and religious rights, and which will continue the present officials in power, subject to the supervision of the American authorities. Moneys collected will be used for the expenses of government under military occupation, and private property, if taken, will be paid for. In other words, the inhabitants of Santiago will be protected as much as they ever were in all their rights, and will be given a purer and a better government than they have ever enjoyed.

It may not have occurred to the average traveler who in this luxurious day sits in his easy Wagner or Pullman car and flits from point to point, that one of the expensive things in the conduct of railroads is the curve. Curves cost money and as a result enterprising railroads are constantly straightening out their tracks. Older travelers will remember in the early days of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that it bore the label of "the crooked road." But the fact that curves cost money impressed itself upon the management of the Baltimore and Ohio years ago, and the traveler by this route to-day, remembering what it was in years gone by, is not a little surprised at the marked change. The curves have disappeared to such an extent that General Manager William M. Green can boast that the Baltimore and Ohio has the straightest and shortest route between many of the most important points. All the other great railroads in the country have passed through the same process of evolution, and every one of them each year congratulates itself on the distance shortened by straightening out its curves. The safety and the comfort of the passengers are incidentally advanced, while the railroad reaps the direct benefits of the resultant economy.

NOTABLE YOUNG MEN WHO HAVE GONE TO THE WAR.

DISTINGUISHED SONS OF PATRIOTIC SIRES, WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, of General Shafter's staff, is more times a millionaire than any other man of his age in America, and perhaps in the world, but it may be doubted whether all his wealth has ever brought him an hour of more genuine happiness than that which he experienced on July 8th, when it became his duty and privilege to receive Lieutenant Hobson and his seven comrades from the Spanish officers who had them in custody at Santiago, and escort them back to freedom and the American lines. Colonel Astor had subsequently conducted a squad of Spanish prisoners, blindfolded, to the agreed spot where an exchange for Hobson and his



COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

comrades was effected. The fact that this important transaction was intrusted to Colonel Astor would help to vindicate his appointment to a staff position, if it needed any vindication. Envious critics have charged that the colonel owed his appointment to his great wealth and his "social pull." This was no more true in his case than in that of any of the other appointees who chanced to stand high in the social world. Colonel Astor has been a careful student of military science for years, and has been an active member of the military staff of at least two Governors of this State. Since the war began he has shown his practical interest in its prosecution by organizing and equipping a battery at his own expense, which has gone to the Philippines, and by giving of his means to other branches of the service. More than all, he has given himself to the cause and shown an entire willingness to bear his part of the dangers and hardships that must fall to every soldier in the field—officer and private alike. Mr. Astor has, in brief, acted the part of an unselfish and truly patriotic American, and has used his wealth and social influence for the highest and noblest ends.

One of the first acts of the New York Legislature at the opening of its recent special session was to send a cordial message of greeting to two of its members, Senator Grant and Assemblyman William Astor Chanler, who are at the front in Cuba, and to grant them also indefinite leave of absence. At the very time this action was taken, Captain Chanler was leading his men to the storming at Santiago, his gallant conduct in that fight receiving the special commendation of General Shafter. Captain Chanler was elected last fall as the Tammany member of Assembly from the Fifth New York District, and it was confidently expected that he would make a record for himself at Albany considerably above the average of his Tammany associates, since he is a man of culture, character, and marked ability. If he survives the war he may have the opportunity yet to distinguish himself as a law-maker. For the present, however, and probably for some time to come, his sphere of duty will be the field of battle, where he holds the rank of captain of volunteers. Captain Chanler is one of those who are charged with the offense of owing his commission to great wealth and social influence. He may, indeed, plead guilty to the charge of being the son of a rich father, and also with being a favorite in society. Another count against him lies in the fact that he is a cousin of Colonel John Jacob Astor. But to offset these offenses we have the fact that Captain Chanler, like his cousin just named, has given not only largely of his wealth to the service of the country at this time, but more than all, has given himself. What more can be asked of any man, rich or poor, than that?



CAPTAIN WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER.

If the statesman, James G. Blaine, were a living presence today, this war with Spain would be certain to find in him a firm and ardent supporter. The history of his long and illustrious public career affords abundant justification for this prediction. For the same reasons it may be safely predicted that he would give cordial approbation to the course which his youngest son and namesake has taken in accepting an appointment as captain in the volunteer army. Captain Blaine has had a thorough course of instruction in military science, and is better versed in the art of war than many others who have received army

appointments. When it comes to actual service in the field young Blaine may be expected to show the metal of a true soldier.

An Anglo-American alliance is represented by something other than a more or less shadowy sentiment in the person of First Lieutenant Algernon Sartoris, son of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, beloved daughter of the great general. Other things being equal there should be nothing strange or needful of explanation in the preferment of a grandson of Ulysses S. Grant for an official position in the present volunteer army. A young man with such a parentage would be more likely than many others to possess the qualities necessary for the making of a useful officer. As a matter of fact, Lieutenant Sartoris has given ample evidence that he does possess such qualities in an eminent degree and that he is fairly entitled, on his own merits, to the rank which he now holds. He has force and decision of character, two prime requisites for a leader of men, either in peace or war.



FIRST LIEUTENANT ALGERNON SARTORIS.

Among the young men who are with our army of invasion in Cuba and learning what war means in its most practical phases is Frederick M. Alger, a son of the Secretary of War. Mr. Alger went out with a captain's commission, and has been attached to General Duffield's brigade. Captain Alger has already earned the commendation of his superior officers. The official reports show that young Alger, in his zeal to get to the front at Santiago, seized a rifle and joined the First Infantry in order to get ashore with the first body of troops.

Few young civilians were better qualified by training and experience for the rank of captain than Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom when he received that appointment from President McKinley early in the present war. Although the son of a multi-millionaire, young Griscom has never led a life of pampered and luxurious ease. He was a hard student at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated, and followed that up with a course at a law school. Shortly after he was admitted to the bar he was selected for the responsible position of indictment attorney in the district-attorney's office in Philadelphia. He was one of the organizers and active members of the Philadelphia Naval Reserve, and he served as a war correspondent of the Philadelphia Press in one of the numerous uprisings of recent years in the United States of Colombia. He also served as attaché of the United States legation at the English court under Ambassador Bayard. These experiences, as well as inherent qualities of energy and decision of character, go far to justify the prediction that Mr. Griscom will have a useful and honorable career in the army.



CAPTAIN LLOYD C. GRISCOM.

The youngest member of General Wesley Merritt's staff, now in the Philippines, is Captain Putnam Bradlee Strong, the only son of ex-Mayor William L. Strong, of New York City. Captain Strong had been deeply interested in the State militia for several years past, and when friends urged his appointment by the President to a place on General Merritt's staff, the young man insisted that no rank should be given him higher than that which he had held in the national guard of his own State. In fact, young Strong told President McKinley himself that he preferred to win promotion in the service. President and



CAPTAIN PUTNAM BRADLEE STRONG.

Mrs. McKinley are intimate friends of ex-Mayor Strong, and have been entertained at the hospitable home of the latter in New York City on several occasions. Captain Strong will make his mark in the army. He is cautious and conservative as well as courageous, and is one of the best horsemen in New York. He is fond of manly sports and equally fond of study; is an excellent linguist, speaking German, French, and Spanish fluently, and having a knowledge of several other languages. Indicative of his studious habits is the fact that after his appointment on General Merritt's staff he at once purchased a very valuable work on the Philippine Islands, and on his journey to the Pacific coast thoroughly familiarized himself with the contents of the book. The little work was of such an interesting nature that it is said that every member of General Merritt's staff has since made it a study. During a conversation with Captain Strong, General Merritt spoke of the need of taking along a Spanish interpreter, and was not a little surprised that the youngest member of his staff was a linguist of

such rare accomplishments that an interpreter was not needed. It is safe to say that the young man who represents such a distinguished family of greater New York will do it full credit at the front.

If heredity counts for anything, Mr. John A. Logan certainly has a strong influence of that kind working in his favor at the outset of his military career. But the fact that his father was a famous and successful general of the Civil War was not a moving factor in the appointment of young Logan to his present position of major in the volunteer army. He was qualified for the position by reason of his military education at West Point, where he was graduated with high honor, and by reason of his recognized soldierly qualities. Mr. Logan has traveled much and gained for himself a wide knowledge of men. His book recording his experiences and observations in Russia proves him to be a man of quick insight and rare mental ability, valuable points for a rising military man.



MAJOR JOHN A. LOGAN.

Among the young men who are now on the old battle-field at Chickamauga, preparing themselves for active service at the front, is Captain Erskine Hewitt, a son of ex-Mayor Hewitt, of this city. Captain Hewitt is on the staff of General James H. Wilson, an appointment which he received not through family influence, as has been stated, but solely on his own merits. Young Hewitt was prepared for college at the Drissler school in this city, went to Princeton, where he was graduated with honor, and subsequently studied law and was admitted to practice in this State. Captain Hewitt's present position is not the first in which he has served his country. At the request of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, he was appointed one of the secretaries of the special commission sent to England to do honor to the Queen at the time of her jubilee. He performed his duties so acceptably that on his return Mr. Reid recommended him to the President for appointment in the army. It is hardly necessary to say that young Hewitt comes of a stock of which good soldiers are made—a sturdy, self-reliant American ancestry. If he makes as good a record in the army as his father has made in business and in public life, no more could be asked.

Old Glory in Hawaii.

WHILE Rear-Admiral Miller, in command of our Pacific squadron, has had no opportunity lately to add to the honors he has already earned in war during his thirty-four years of naval service, he has been favored with the unique and most distinguished mission of being the nation's representative to raise the stars and stripes over our new possessions in the Pacific. Admiral Miller was stationed at Honolulu from August, 1897, to May of the present year, and became immensely popular with all classes and conditions of people on the islands by reason of his geniality and his courteous, discreet, and tactful management of affairs. It was therefore especially fitting that he should be chosen to perform the important duty of formally proclaiming the sovereignty of the United States over the Sandwich Islands. Admiral Miller is a native of Ohio and a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy. When the Civil War began he had already risen to the rank of lieutenant, and his first assignment in that conflict was on the Florida coast blockade. He was in the fleet attack on Fort Sumter, and later commanded the monitor *Monadnock* in the assault on Fort Fisher. Since the war he has been commandant of the navy yards at Boston and New York, and took the cruiser *Chicago* around the world. He is now senior officer of the United States Navy, and will be entitled to retirement from the service next November. It is safe to say that no act that Admiral Miller has been called upon to perform in all his long and eventful career will give him more genuine satisfaction than this one at Hawaii.



REAR-ADMIRAL MILLER.

By courtesy of the Mail and Express.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

TO BE SUNG AS FOLLOWS:

1st Verse, Basses in Unison, 1st 16 Measures only. Tenors in Unison, 2d 16 Measures. 2d Verse, Sopranos and Altos in Duet. 3d Verse, Tenors and Basses in Unison 1st 16 Measures, and in Duet 2d 16 Measures.

1st V. Basses in Unison, 1st 16 Meas. Tenors 2d 16 Meas. 1. O say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming; Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the per-ill-ous fight, O'er the man-ly bath peace, Once a-gain, in its folds, the na-tion en-shrouded; Let no fra-tri-cide hand, up-er-lift-ed o'er the la-tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heaven-res-cued land Praise the

2. And war's clam-ors o'er, with her must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to—"In

3. O thus be it ev-er when

71

2nd 16 Meas.

ramparts we watched were so gal-lant-ly streaming, And the rocket's red glo-ry to dim which now is un-clo-uded: Not as North or as pow'r that has made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we

glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our South in the fu-ture we'll stand, But as bro-thers u-nit-ed through must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to—"In

Flag was still there; O say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet out our broad land, And the star-spangled ban-ner for-ev-er shall God is our trust, And the star-spangled ban-ner in tri-umph shall

wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

* A full pause should be made after the word "mot-to" in the 3rd verse, which word should be sung quite short, in about the time of two-eighth notes, after which the full chorus may join in the words "In God is our trust," very soft and slow, all singing the remaining lines and the chorus with great vigor and animation.



OUR GREAT NATIONAL HYMN.

READ THE INTERESTING STORY OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Our Great National Hymn.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," AND ITS ORIGIN.

THE second war between the United States and Great Britain, the War of 1812, found the States divided as to their policy, and its prosecution was at first half-hearted and without enthusiasm. The New England States were disaffected, and complained that Southern preponderance had forced the Union into war. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut refused to allow their militia to re-enforce the men of New York on the northern frontier on the President's requisition, claiming that the war was unnecessary and that the requisition was unconstitutional; in return for which disaffection the British government exempted the New England coast from the blockade so vigorously applied against the other Atlantic States.

The lukewarmness thus begotten in a measure accounts for the lack of pronounced success of our operations by land against Canada on our northern frontier, though the naval operations made amends with a full measure of glory. The salient feature of the campaign of 1814 was the British expedition under Admiral Cockburn to the waters of the Chesapeake. The fleet comprised frigates, bomb-vessels, and barges, in number about sixty. The army, under one of Wellington's tried officers of the Spanish peninsular campaign, General Ross, was composed of the flower of the army that conquered Marmont at Salamanca—a body of seasoned regulars considered equal to any military emergency. Against them were to be pitted our hastily-organized and ill-disciplined militia of Maryland. This force, owing to the uncertainty as to Cockburn's place of landing, was divided so as to cover as many accessible points as possible.

The first landing was made on the Patuxent, the British navy making short work of Commodore Barney's small flotilla, the commodore himself having been captured while fighting at the head of his seamen on shore at Bladensburg, where Ross landed, defeated the militia, and on the same day hastening to Washington, which was undefended, burned the Capitol, President's house, and other public and private buildings; then, flushed with success, he proceeded to the attack on Baltimore, which he expected to fall into his hands like a ripe plum from a tree.

The vandal-like destruction at Washington was a blessing in disguise, for from the moment of its perpetration dated the arousing of the military spirit of the people and the infusion into our subsequent operations of such an extraordinary degree of vigor that an almost unvarying series of successes by sea and land followed the indecisive and depressing actions of the opening campaigns, winding up with the decisive victory of New Orleans.

Ross landed on September 12th, 1814, at North Point, where the Patuxent, on which Baltimore is situated, joins the Chesapeake Bay twelve miles below the city. He had nearly 8,000 troops, and opposed to him were about 12,000 militia of the vicinity, hastily rallied by General Smith, a Revolutionary officer of Pennsylvania, the defender of Fort Mifflin in 1777. The reception of the British veterans was so warm that during the night of the 13th they abandoned the field and retired to their transports, General Ross having been killed in the action. The great fleet meantime had co-operated by its attack on Fort McHenry, at the entrance to Baltimore harbor, commencing the bombardment and cannonade on the morning of the 13th, continuing into the night, and finally withdrawing, discomfited, on the morning of the 14th, after a most gallant defense by its small garrison under Major Armistead.

It was during the discordant tumult of this bombardment that our soul-stirring national song was born. Francis Scott Key, of Georgetown, a native of Maryland, had gone to one of the British ships under a flag of truce to intercede for the release of a friend held as a prisoner in the fleet. It happened that his arrival on board in the last of the twilight was simultaneous with the departure of a large number of barges and boats with about 1,500 picked men, destined to try and pass the fort and, with the aid of some bomb-vessels, effect a landing and attack the work in the rear. This expedition was discovered soon after starting, and almost annihilated by the fire from the fort and assisting batteries on the opposite shore.

Fearing that Key might, if allowed to return, disclose what he had seen and learned of the British movements, he was detained over night. Eagerly watching the phases of the fight, as the exploding bombs and rockets fitfully lighted the gloom, his mind racked with alternations of hope and dread, yet fired with patriotic enthusiasm, "in the dawn's early light" he felt the flow of the inspiration which gave rise to the immortal song, as he beheld faintly through the early morning mist and the smoke of battle, "that our flag was still there."

And long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANK H. SCHELL.

CHORUS
SOPRANO.
1. O say, does that star-spangled ban-ner: yet wave, O'er the land of the

ALTO.
2. And the star-spangled ban-ner for-ev-er shall wave, O'er the land of the

TENOR.
3. And the star-spangled ban-ner for-ev-er shall wave, O'er the land of the

BASS.
free and the home of the brave.

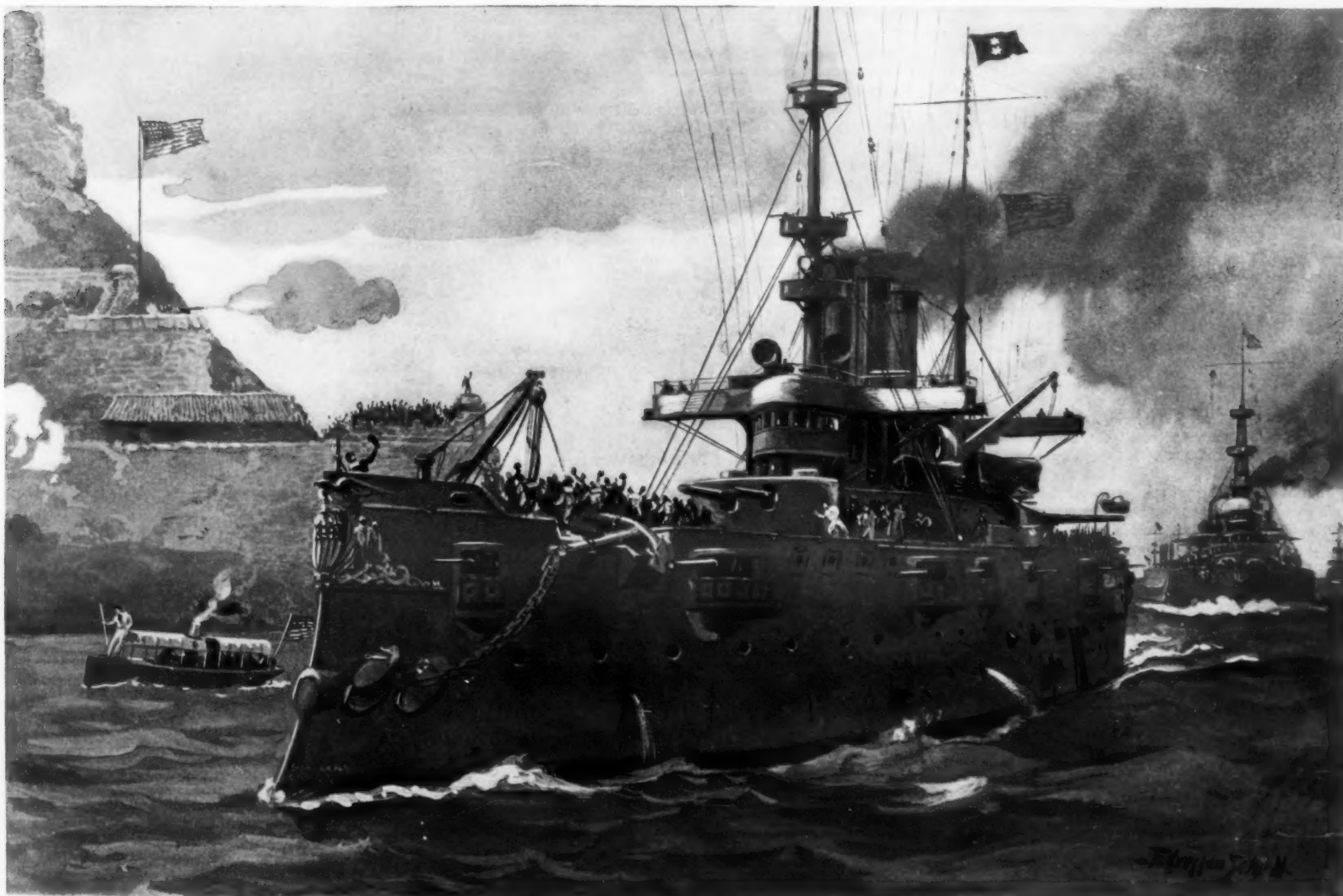
PIANO.
free and the home of the brave.

free and the home of the brave.

No trumpet after 3d verse.

13

By courtesy of Ditson & Co., New York.



THE SONG THAT GREETED SANTIAGO'S FALL.

MEN ON SAMPSON'S FLEET CHEERING THE NEWS OF THE SURRENDER WHILE THE BANDS PLAYED "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

BATTLE TALES.

III.—THE REDEMPTION OF MR. TRILANY.

By CLINTON ROSS.

Author of "Chalmette"; "A Trooper of The Empress"; "Bobbie McDriff";
"The Scarlet Coat"; "The Meddling Hussy."

THE yarns you hear spun down in these waters are many, I can tell you. And this one I have second-hand, so I can't vouch for it, though I'm told it's gospel truth by one who knew this same Mr. Trilany. But as I didn't know him personally I'm not swearin' to it, mind you—only tellin' it as it was told me. Mr. Doran, too, knew him before he went to the devil, and when he was a good officer. But drink and the other things that go for a man's destruction left him, took hold o' him, and he was court-martialed and dismissed.

When the war came on he turned up at Key West, which is the beginnin' and the end o' all creation. If you want to hear the spinnin' o' yarns, be at Key West; if you want to know what the admiral is doin', be at Key West. For down there they know more than anybody else knows, and my brother-in-law, Mike Hennessey, advises me that Key West is a real goldmine to 'em yellow papers that fool you into buyin' an extra every ten minutes up in New York; for with Key West existin' they don't have to draw so powerfully on their imagination. Well, exposed as she is, I s'pose Key West has to be nervous, and every strange craft was to 'em Key-Westers the hull of old Shervy's fleet come to blow 'em sky-high into a Key-Western's heaven. Well, there's where this yarn of former Mr. Trilany begins as I have heard it, word for word. It ends—I might as well tell you the endin' as well as the beginnin'—in a bark that one o' the ships—I mustn't give her name—overhauled, and the bark carried a queer, chatterin' thing whom the captain found he knew—a thing broken with sufferin' and chatterin' with fever, but, again, an officer and a gentleman if there ever was one. For the good God has said that a man may go clean to the devil and come back from him, if he has the will to do it.

A man don't ruin himself without sufferin', I'm thinkin'. Mr. Trilany had brought all this thing on himself, but there are others who've done as bad in all conscience. He might have enlisted in the navy, but he had a bigger idee. He must do somethin' big, he was thinkin' all the time, feelin' that he had to get back where he'd been. So I s'pose it was that he turned up at Key West, nobody knowin' him, for he was ragged and with small 'nough money in his pockets. If people tried to know him he wouldn't let 'em, for though he'd gone to the bad, he'd his pride, had Mr. Trilany. And he was a keen one, too. He could talk Spanish as neatly as any Spaniard o' 'em all, and he rather looked it, too, I'm told. Well, by this time filibusterin' was no longer filibusterin', 'cause o' the war, and when o' a dark, heavy night a schooner put out with a lot o' Cubans, Mr. Trilany was with 'em, and my private belief, from the way the circumstances was told to me, he was leadin' 'em, since he knew more 'bout guns and tactics than they ever dreamed o', havin' been, as I was sayin', an American officer.

Well, you know how these things turn out on the coast o' Cuba. The Cubans weren't there to meet 'em, and they had to separate and to get to a safe place as best they could. But Trilany had another idee altogether; and he made straight for the most dangerous place he could—pretendin' to be a Spaniard all the time, you see; and that place was the harbor I'll call Santa Clara, though that ain't the name, I not bein' at liberty to divulge secrets. And if he was stopped, says he, in that good Spanish he could speak, "I'm bound with news for Gen'ral Verler, who commanded at Santa Clara." Well, he reached Santa Clara, and insisted on seein' the gen'ral, till—bein' a most persistent man—he succeeded.

And they say he says to the gen'ral:
"I'm a disgraced American officer"—riskin' the hull thing, you see—"and I want to do sum fightin' 'gainst the country that's disgraced me."

And they say the gen'ral says, says he, believin' every man acts under the rules governin' a Spaniard: "I'll give you a chance." For, you see, his officer didn't know overmuch 'bout the guns, and he risked Trilany bein' a spy. For, too, Mr. Trilany was a good play-actor as ever played in a theatre. So Mr. Trilany, out-Spaniarding the Spaniards, went to work on the works 'bout Santa Clara, till he knew every gun, and where every mine lay, and he mapped 'em all out, and only waited a chance to get 'em to the admiral. He was a cute one, was Mr. Trilany.

Now, I'm not defendin' this business o' spyin', but sometimes in war it's as needful as to manage a gun well; and the man who does the spyin' takes his life in his hands, it's certain, and all the time old Verler likin' him more and more, for he knew more o' guns and mines than the hull Spanish caboodle. But how could he get what he knew to the admiral—that's what was botherin' him more than all concerned. For that was his purpose in bein' in Santa Clara, as I've been makin' plain; Mr. Trilany wanted to redeem himself, though never again might he have a commission.

Well, 'bout this time some o' our ships began bombardin' Santa Clara, tryin' to tumble down the works, though they didn't dare come in the harbor, which is narrow and well mined; and here was Mr. Trilany trainin' the guns 'gainst his very own, and keepin' it up.

He reports to Gen'ral Verler:
"Gen'ral, half o' the guns are spiked."
"Treachery!" shouts the gen'ral, lookin' hard at Mr. Trilany.
"Who do you suspect?"

Then Mr. Trilany folds his arms and stares hard at the gen'ral, the spirit of the desperate man possessin' him entirely, and he says, says he:

"Gen'ral Verler, I'm done with lyin'. I spiked 'em guns."
Oh! it must have been a sight to see the gen'ral fumin' and spoutin' and orderin' Mr. Trilany to be marched off to prison, as he was, expectin' to be shot every minute, and our guns boomin' and shootin' all the time; and thin the ships gave it up, for there

was no sense in riskin' that mined channel o' Santa Clara. And he who knew all those mines—where every one was put—lay there in prison pinin' away 'cause he couldn't get word to our ships, nor did it seem likely that he could get word to any soul much longer. For it seemed certain sure that he would be stood up 'gainst a wall and shot dead. But a queer thing saved his life, though they say that what he suffered was worse than death. For do you know that none o' the milishay bosses, the gen'als, the col'nels, nor the captains knew, knew where those, all those, mines were, nor where they were marked from. For havin' a good engineer in Mr. Trilany, they'd left every blessed thing to him, knowin' he would do it all in a ship-shape manner. And now that he'd by his own declaration shown that he was a traitor to 'em, they didn't shoot him, since he'd information that they must have.

So he was brought 'fore the gen'ral and questioned.
"I'll be hanged if you get a word out o' me," says Mr. Trilany; and indeed it looked very much as if he would be.

Then they told him back to prison, and pulled his thumbs, and he suffered torments, I'm tellin' you. But when they stopped, says he again:

"I'll be hanged if I tell you;" and, as I say, it looked as if he would be, if not worse.

Then they went at him again, rackin' and torturin' him, and he sufferin' the torments of the damned.

But again says he:
"I'll be hanged if I tell you;" and it looked more and more as if for certain he would be, if not worse.

But they dasn't let him die, so when he was near gone with all that he'd been sufferin', they nursed him back again, and when he was better he'd some sense, and he told 'em if they'd spare his life he'd locate 'em mines. And first he wanted to go out into the harbor and locate 'em, and they took him down there, and he began to explain where this was and that was, and how the wires ran, and how they could be put off in the Morro Castle of Santa Clara. Well, they took him back to prison and kept him there, he expectin' all the time to be taken out and killed, since he put no faith at all in their promises. But he hadn't told more than half 'bout the mines. Well, presently they got stumped again, and had to take him out. From that he got to workin' regularly for 'em, bein' the hull time strongly guarded, and goin' back every night to sleep in his prison; you may bet he was thinkin' all this time o' what he probably would suffer. A Spanish prison colony ain't any too delightful a place, as I am thinkin' that poor chap who was caught red-handed takin' photographs o' the works at San Juan could tell you. But Mr. Trilany knew one thing, and that was the power o' money, as who doesn't? He bribed his jailor—not the first Spaniard who's put money 'bove his patriotism. Now he went a bit further, and bribed the captain o' a bark that was lyin' in the harbor o' Santa Clara. For Mr. Trilany, havin' his purpose in view, had been as savin' o' his money as any Jew in all this world.

You know that old sayin', God favors the brave, and He favored Mr. Trilany, who, by this time, bein' in that damp prison, was shakin' and chatterin' with the fever. A great storm o' wind, blowin' as if from Davy Jones's locker, swept down on the coast o' Cuba 'bout this time. In the teeth of that storm Mr. Trilany—his door bein' left unlocked—scaped, and went down to the harbor and on board the bark.

Now I started by tellin' you how this bark was overhauled by our blockadin' ships, and how this passenger was found, suspicioned o' bein' some sort o' a Spanish spy. And spy he indeed was, as I have been tellin' you as plain as I could.

When he was brought 'fore the captain, shiverin' for all the heat, and chatterin', says he,

"Captain, give me pencil and paper."
When those were given him he sat down and drew the plan o' all the works o' Santa Clara, and located every mine and obstruction.

"That's all," says he, breathin' hard.
Thin the captain says, doubtin' him:
"What's your name?"
"Trilany," says he, "and I'm servin' the navy o' the United States, though discharged."

Thin it dawned on the captain what a certain resemblance he had noticed meant.

"Are you Mr. Trilany—Lieutenant Trilany?"
"Yes, I was he," says he.
Thin the captain took him by the hand and shook it.
"By heavens, sir! you are still Lieutenant Trilany," says he, "though ain't in commission."

For the war, I'm tellin' you, bad as it is—with men you know bein' shot and tumbled over and killed—is the preservin' o' some.

(Other "Battle Tales" to follow.)

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' STORIES.

[These stories are printed in continuation of the series in the competition for the prizes offered by LESLIE'S WEEKLY for the best long and short narrative of a personal experience by a commercial traveler. The competition closed on the 1st of June, and the prizes will be awarded after the numerous stories on hand have been published.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

How I Sold the Bill.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, April 1st, 1898.—In the spring of 1884 I was representin' the wholesale hardware house of J. S. B. & Co., Galveston, Texas, and my territory was in the northwest part of the State. One morning I started on a trip to San An-

gelo, about 100 miles southwest from Abilene, then a small town on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, about 200 miles west of Fort Worth. Two other traveling-men were going to make the trip with me, and as we journeyed on to Abilene we were quite jubilant over our anticipated trip overland to this frontier town.

Reaching Abilene, the stage-coach that connected us with the train drove up. In it was a corpulent gentleman, whose objective point, as soon made known to us, was the same as ours. We four soon became acquainted. I ascertained that this gentleman, whom we will call B., was from New York, and that he was representing a hardware firm, and that he was going to S. to sell his line of goods. This latter revelation was far from comforting to me, as I knew that such competition as he offered was not the kind that I was accustomed to meet; and further, that it was a serious question whether I could compete with him in a square fight or not. As we journeyed on over the rolling prairies our four mustang horses, invigorated by the pure spring atmosphere, fairly made the coach whizz as down the extended slopes we rolled along. My companions all seemed in joyful spirits, and occasionally would twit me (for I evidently revealed to them that I was mentally worried) with such remarks as "Cheer up, old boy," and "It will be right by and by," etc. It was a long ride. I was in deep thought. Scheme after scheme ran through my brain, and, finally exhausted, I fell fast in the arms of peaceful slumber. We were aroused by a sudden pause, which revealed to us that we were in front of the Nimitz Hotel at San Angelo, having traveled the hundred miles from Abilene in fifteen hours. B. and myself repaired to the establishment of V., which was the principal store in the town. We learned that Mr. V. was in the market for a good bill of hardware. He informed us that he would buy of the cheapest man, and as he wanted to be fair, would submit specifications and have us make prices, allotting the order to the cheapest figures, considering freight, etc., etc. I suggested that as B. was from New York, and as he was the older man, I (through courtesy, of course) was willing to yield first chance to him. He was soon closeted with the buyer, where he remained for several hours.

At noon I was advised that Mr. V.'s buyer wished to see me. I called and he told me that he was now ready for figures. I discovered that he had taken B.'s prices in "letters" opposite the quantities of articles wanted, as set down in his "want" book. A thought occurred to me, which I readily imparted to the buyer, and which was agreed to. I was to take the "want" book to my room, where I could make my figures more satisfactorily to myself, having urged that, as I was representing a home market and was "bucking" against New York prices, I wanted all the time to figure that I could get. I was to report the following morning.

My rival went off to "take in the town." After noon I leisurely walked down to V.'s store, which was spread out under one roof, but divided into several apartments. I stalked into the clothing-room and acquainted myself with the manager of it, as I did with men in each department. I took my time and made my observations. Seeing a hat marked in certain letters I would innocently ask what this hat sold for; the reply being given me, I would, unobserved, put the price on a paper. I carried out this plan throughout the several departments as I would price various articles of merchandise, and in the course of two hours I had a pocketful of figures. I then repaired to my hotel, and this is what I did. I got a large piece of paper and put down the following figures: 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0. I then arranged beneath them the letters I had secured, and transposed and calculated until I had figured out V.'s selling mark. This corresponded with the letters in the "want" book comprising the prices made by my friend B.

It was no trouble then to figure out exactly what I had to meet, and I assure you that I proceeded to get in my work. I slept soundly that night and in the early morning was on hand to submit my figures. The result was that I secured the order and my friend from New York was considerably chagrined. The same evening we boarded the stage-coach on our return trip to Abilene, and it was then that the tables were turned, I being the "warm member" this time; and I fully realized the potency of the adage that reads "He laughs best who laughs last."

HOWARD W. PEAK.

Never Saw a Negro Before.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, March 23d, 1898.—Several years ago I went up in the mountains to the town of G—, which was at that time sixty miles from the railroad. There were two good merchants doing an immense business there, and I could not afford to miss their trade, if they did use "ginsang" as legal tender.

There was then no colored man or woman living in that county, and many of the people had never seen a negro. The day I went up there happened to be "court day," and the little town was full of men, women, children, dogs, guns, and corn whiskey. They were drinking, dancing in the streets, and having a jolly time generally. When I drove in and stopped before one of the stores my driver, who chanced to be very black, was immediately the centre of interest. The crowd swarmed around my hack and gazed in wonder at him.

They advised him to "Go wash that black off his face," "To take off that false face," etc.; and one woman said to another, while walking around him, "I have often heard tell of 'em, but this is the first one I ever seed." Soon the crowd became very familiar with the poor fellow; first they kicked him, then began firing their pistols and hitting the ground close to his feet. They seemed to think it great fun to make him dance. They treated him so roughly that the merchant advised me to get him away from them and hide him, or he said they would kill him just for the fun of the thing. I finally succeeded in getting him smuggled into the merchant's kitchen, where he was glad to stay until next morning.

I made good sales and left before daylight the next morning, and can honestly say I have never had a driver, either before or since, make such good time as that one did the first ten miles away from that town. It is needless to say I was never able to get the same driver for any subsequent trips, although the country through that region is now very much improved. W. C.

(Other "Travelers' Stories" to follow.)

The Hero of El Caney.

GENERAL CHAFFEE, WHO LED OUR FORCES ON THAT BLOODY BATTLE-FIELD.

CONGRESS did a graceful and proper thing when, just before its recent adjournment, it moved Adna R. Chaffee up from the



MAJOR-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE.

grade of a brigadier to that of a major-general, for gallant conduct on the field of battle. General Chaffee received his commission as a brigadier from President McKinley at the outbreak of the war. He was then lieutenant-colonel in the Third United States Cavalry. General Chaffee is a seasoned veteran. He has been in active and continuous army service for thirty-seven years, including the entire period of the Civil War and numerous Indian campaigns. His promotions from rank to rank up to his present one were all earned by gallant conduct on the field of battle. At El Caney, on July 1st, General Chaffee commanded a

brigade consisting of the Seventeenth, Seventh, and Twelfth Infantry, which opened this fight and bore the brunt of it, and to his brilliant leadership the signal victory won that day was chiefly due. His force moved on the heights very early in the morning, encountering a heavy fire from the enemy, and losing many men. An eye-witness of the struggle says that when the fighting was hottest and our men were falling fast, "General Chaffee dashed about with his hat on the back of his head, like a magnificent cowboy, urging the men and crying to them to get in and help their country win a victory." And win it they did. General Chaffee, after the surrender of Santiago, was at once thought of in connection with the military governorship of the surrendered territory.

General Chaffee enlisted in the army in 1861. He won his first lieutenantancy on the battle-field of Gettysburg, and was moved up to the grade of captain for gallant service at Dinwiddie Court House. Subsequent promotions to the rank of major and of lieutenant-colonel, successively, were earned in engagements with Indians in Texas and Arizona. He also served at one time as inspector-general with General McCook, and later still as sub-director of the cavalry and infantry school at Fort Riley, Kansas. It was in the Sunflower State that the veteran soldier found the lady who became his wife, the happy woman being Miss Annie Rockwell, of Junction City. All Kansas now, and Junction City in particular, share with Mrs. Chaffee in the just pride she feels in the deeds of her gallant husband and the new honors he has won.

The Great Naval Battle.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE "INDIANA" DESCRIBES THE PART THAT NOBLE WAR-SHIP PLAYED IN THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET—SKETCHES SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE CONTENDING VESSELS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

UNITED STATES SHIP "INDIANA," OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Cuba, July 3d, 1898.—The great action of the war has taken place. The history of Manila has been repeated and the pride of Spain's navy lies beaten, torn, and burning on Cuba's southern shores. At 9.30 this morning our entire ship's company was at quarters preparatory to having general muster. Our best clothes had been gotten out and donned for the first time in many moons. The morning was warm, but relieved by a gentle breeze, and all was pervaded by the Sunday-morning quiet. At 9.40 smoke was seen pouring over the hills of the channel back of Morro, and instantly the signal flashed "Enemy is escaping." General quarters was sounded and every officer and man went to his station with a jump. No time to change Sunday clothes—the fight of the century is on.



ROUGH SKETCH OF POSITION OF AMERICAN AND SPANISH SHIPS AT BEGINNING OF ACTION, BY CADET CHASE.

In four minutes from the time we went to general quarters the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, Admiral Cervera's flag-ship, was outside the entrance, and the other ships and destroyers quickly followed in the order given: *Vizcaya*, *Colon*, *Oquendo*, *Pluton*, *Furor*, all of them heading west in column, keeping well in shore. Now the firing began. No signals were necessary; had not the long

hoped-for opportunity arrived—an opportunity which for some time past we have despaired of realizing? Every ship knew what to do. To describe the fire from our ships pouring into the doomed Spanish cruisers would be impossible. No one who did not witness this battle will ever realize the mighty force, the awful grandeur, the terrible crashing of well-aimed shell, such as characterized the entire action. To have been on the *Indiana* and witnessed the remorseless, steady, sustained, careful fire from our guns is to know full well why the Spanish ships lie abandoned and destroyed on the beach but a few miles from where the attack began.

The first Spanish vessel to be destroyed and cast up on shore was the *Furor*, one of the trio of destroyers which caused a chill of almost superstitious dread to run through our country when their arrival on this side was chronicled some weeks since. She was almost immediately followed by her sister, the *Pluton*. Next in order came the flag-ship *Maria Teresa*, then, scarcely half a mile further on, the *Oquendo*, then a little further the proud *Vizcaya*. Now there is left but the *Cristobal Colon*, and she is remorselessly pursued by the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Oregon*, and is doomed to be destroyed a little after mid-day. All of the Spanish ships, as they put their noses in shore, were burning fiercely, and terrific explosions were occurring at short intervals. The loss of life from fire and smoke must have been greater than that caused directly by our shells. After the destruction of the *Vizcaya* the *Indiana* was ordered back to her station off Morro. We had no sooner arrived at this point than the transports were seen making a wild rush to the west, one of them stopping to tell us that a large Spanish battle-ship had been seen off Baiquiri approaching in this direction. Captain Taylor immediately decided to meet the gentleman half way, and we started to the eastward full speed ahead. Very soon the battle-ship hove in view and seemed to be flying the Spanish flag. We now felt sure that we were to have a single-handed combat with a ship of our own type and approximate size. As we drew nearer she was seen to be flying international signals, and we felt that our chance of meeting the *Pelayo* was dissolving into thin air.

Still we apprehended a possible ruse, and kept two thirteen-inch and four eight-inch guns trained on the stranger. Chapin, Decker, and Cushman from their respective turrets were aiming with the same precision which had been so fatal to Spain's fleet but an hour since. The battle-ships drew together, and on nearer approach our supposed enemy was found to be flying the



ROUGH SKETCH OF POSITION OF AMERICAN AND SPANISH SHIPS AT CLOSE OF ACTION, BY CADET CHASE.

red, white, and red of Austria. Fortunate for her that the white in her flag was not discolored. The *Indiana* was out for just such game, and that battle-ship would have lasted about fifteen minutes. We hove her to, and her captain sent an officer aboard, resplendent in cocked-hat and gilt lace. He was surprised to learn that we had just been in action, astounded to know where the Spanish fleet could be found, and paralyzed upon being informed that there was no loss of life on the *Indiana*.

After this slight diversion we went back to the old post off Morro, and Captain Taylor sent a steam-launch and two boats in to the beach where the wrecks of the *Teresa* and *Oquendo* were burning, in order to extend all possible medical and other assistance. Captain Waller, Lieutenant Olmstead, Dr. Costigan, Cadet Helm, and your correspondent were the officers of the party. We found a sad condition of affairs. The uninjured survivors had escaped with little besides their lives. A man who had a suit of pajamas was the envy of his comrades. There were about forty wounded lying in the sand awaiting medical attention. The Spanish surgeons had escaped, but they had no medical stores, and our arrival with a full supply was a god-send. Dr. Costigan was the first, and, so far as I know, the only American surgeon to minister to this particular group of sufferers on shore. The dead had been left in the ships, finding a funeral pyre where they fought and died. Doubtless scores of wounded who could not aid themselves suffered a horrible similar fate. We remained on shore within a few hundred feet of the burning ships until all the prisoners and wounded had been gotten off to the various ships of the American fleet. We are now engaged in caring for over 200 prisoners and a large number of Spanish wounded on the *Indiana* alone. Books could, and doubtless will, be written about this action, but as yet the intelligence stands dazed before the story of the swift and awful destruction of our enemy.

W. G. CASSARD,
Chaplain United States Navy.

Financial—Wall Street Signs.

A CORRESPONDENT at Milwaukee asks: "Do you think there will be an all-round boom, such as followed the resumption of specie payments, if the war with Spain should end?" I answer that the cessation of hostilities and a declaration of an armistice would not mean that the terms of settlement had been agreed

upon. Months would be required, no doubt, to close up the proceedings. The market in all probability will promptly rise at the close of hostilities, but gilt-edged securities are so high at present—at least, most of them are—that I should prefer to have some of the cheaper stocks, like Union Pacific preferred, Northern Pacific, Atchison preferred, Wabash preferred, or even Nickel Plate common. I now speak from the speculator's standpoint and not from that of an investor. The pronounced success of the bond issue will no doubt give stocks additional strength, and may carry them higher than they should be. In that event it would be well to wait for a reaction.

"L." Utica: The stocks you mention as held by the People's Gas crowd are the stocks that I recommended on several occasions, when they sold at much lower prices. The friends of General Electric speak very favorably of it, but the stock has had so many ups and downs that I hesitate to commend it. Chicago Great Western is a speculative property, and it looks to me as if a market was being made for it. I might say the same thing about Standard Rope and Twine. Leather preferred is an industrial, which has many friends, but, as I have said before, the capitalization looks excessive. Rubber common and all the cheap industrials are subject to manipulation, and one who purchases them takes the risk. There is money, of course, in them at the time when insiders are prepared to advance them, but the purchaser must know when to get out. Standard Oil is a good investment stock, and on declines will, I think, if purchased, net excellent results. It has been high, because a sudden speculative turn was given to it by those who believed that it might sell at 500, or even at 1,000. The large holders of it are not parting with their stock as far as the Street is able to ascertain.

"P." Candor, New York: New Amsterdam Gas at present prices is spoken of favorably. The consolidation appears to be in strong hands, but there has been a tendency on Wall Street to unduly inflate some gas properties.

"H." Rondout, New York: If the soft-coal consolidation is effected, Cleveland, Lor., and Wheeling stock should be a good purchase for speculative account. I do not think it has an investment value.

"B." of Joliet, Illinois, thanks "Jasper" for recommending the purchase of the three-per-cent. government bonds at par, and says, "I have already been offered a premium on my purchase equal to the entire interest for a year on the \$500 I took out of the savings-bank." I hope other of my readers profited by the advice I gave regarding the purchase of the government bonds. There was absolutely no risk in the matter. At this writing a premium of three per cent. is bid for the bonds, and a much higher figure may be expected.

"Widow." Hudson, New York: St. Paul preferred is an excellent investment, and I would not part with it.

"L. P." Rochester: Northern Pacific general three, around 60, are looked upon as a fair investment. The rate of interest is low, but 70 is predicted for them if the earnings of the road are maintained. As a speculation I would prefer Union Pacific preferred or the Atchison Adjustment Four on a decline.

"P." St. Paul: The future of the Granger stocks depends upon coming harvests in the West and Northwest, and also on the crop outlook abroad. The decline in railroad earnings is not a favorable feature.

JASPER.

Life-Insurance Problems.

"P." Oliver Springs, Tennessee: The Washington Life is a stock company, doing comparatively a small but apparently profitable business. I do not know what to say about the policy you refer to, but I would advise you to see that the offer made is set forth and guaranteed by the terms of the policy. The Washington Life is, of course, not as large as the Equitable, and for a comparison of what the respective companies can do, it would be well to consult an Equitable agent and let him give you his figures.

"D." Newark, New Jersey: All the companies you mention have their good points. Why not let the agents of each make you his best offer and then judge for yourself?

"McD." North Platte, Nebraska: It would be difficult for me to tell you how many old-line companies have failed during the last century. The number is large. But these failures led to the most careful State supervision of insurance companies, so that those that now remain are, for the most part, on a pretty good footing. The great New York City companies are looked upon as towers of financial strength. Nor can I give you the number of the assessment companies that have failed during that period. In Massachusetts few, if any, of these companies remain, outside of the fraternal and beneficiary orders. It looks to me as if the fraternal companies and all the assessment companies will shortly have to go through an experience much like that of the old-line companies, some years ago, and the result will be a more careful supervision by the authorities of those that survive, in order to protect the public interests.

"J. W. S." New York City: You do not make your case clear to me, and as no name of the company is given I cannot analyze your proposition. I should judge, however, that the guaranteed bond would be what you might prefer under your circumstances. Be sure that the policy itself stipulates precisely what is guaranteed, and don't accept anything that is merely an "estimate." I recall a promise made to me twenty years ago by an agent, that a policy I had in a certain company would earn \$2,000 for me at its maturity. When it matured I received exactly \$900, and I had no recourse. If some one had advised me to have the amount fixed in the policy, I would not have made a one-sided contract.

"L." Philadelphia: I cannot tell you why you must pay an increase of 165 per cent. in your assessments on your Mutual Reserve policy, unless I repeat what I have said heretofore in response to similar inquiries, namely, that the rates of assessment as originally fixed by the Mutual Reserve proved to be non-protective, and the association has done the only thing that it could honestly and justly do, i. e., increase the assessment rates up to the necessary standard.

"S." Elberon, New Jersey: I was not mistaken when I said that the old-line companies, like the Mutual, the New York Life, and the Equitable, and others that I could mention, lighten the burdens of policy-holders as the years go by, by crediting to them the dividends apportioned from the surplus. In some companies this dividend amounts to considerable. I speak with knowledge, because on my desk now lies a notice from one of the old-line companies that my premium payment of over \$90 will be due in August, and that the dividend from the surplus credited to me is over \$35, leaving me a payment of less than \$55 on a policy of \$2,500 taken out some years ago. Originally, this policy cost me over \$90 per year. Each year I am receiving the benefits of what my policy has earned. Is this not much better than to find, staring you in the face, an increase of assessments? That is the sort of "dividend" the assessment companies give, and it comes just at the time of life when you do not feel like paying it.

The Hermit.

On the Sea Throne.

Not yet the viking's hands are weak,
Not yet his blood grown pale;
Not yet his ship has turned her beak
And spread a flying sail.

Not yet the Iceland peak has thawed
Before the southern sun;
Not yet the man of gales has warred
And left the field unwon.

Not yet his hand, at close of fight,
Has hauled the raven down;
The gleam beneath the bird of night
Is still the sea-king's crown.

Turn back, oh, Southern man, thy prow;
The viking bars the way.
The berserk lines are 'thwart his brow;
Tempt not his wrath this day.

Long ages have the Iceland fies
Lit up the Northland pack;
The viking's hand is as his sire's—
Turn back thy prow; turn back!

For, till the old red blood flows white,
And war-trained eyes are dim,
The viking cheers at close of fight:
The triumph is for him!

F. H. COSTELLO.

FIRST DAY'S HOT FIGHT IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO—HEROIC CHARGE OF THE

First, Sixth, Ninth and Third dismounted cavalry ascending.
Artillery under hill out of range.

Block-House Spanish firing volleys from intrenchments below block house.
Tenth negro cavalry (dismounted) charging up hill to right of intrenchments, cheering and waving flags

Shell bursting over Santiago. Abat
Skirmishers deploying to



Tenth U. S. Cavalry (dismounted) coming down hill to cross valley to Spanish position.

Roosevelt's men beyond here and on

CAPTURE OF THE TOWN OF CANEA, JULY 1ST, AFTER THE BURNING AND DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD STONE FORT, UNDER WHOSE PROTECTION THE SPANISH TROOPS FOUGHT DESPERATELY IN THEIR TRENCHES.

THE DEADLY CHARGE OF THE ROUGH RIDERS, THE THIRD DAY AFTER THE LANDING OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS, JULY 3RD, 1898. THE SPANISH TROOPS WERE DEFEATED.

THE SURRENDER OF HEROIC ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR ARMY THAT LE

CHARGE OF THE AMERICANS ON THE SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE.

over Santiago. Abandoned Spanish intrenchments. Towers of Santiago cathedral.

Tower of old church.

Shell.

Northern end of Santiago.



men beyond here and out of sight.

Fire from Spanish intrenchments running across hill. Spanish machine-gun. First U. S. Cavalry (dismounted) coming over brow of hill where they were swept by Spanish machine guns.

ENDING OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS NEAR SANTIAGO—AFTER DESPERATE FIGHTING AND FEARFUL LOSSES, THE SPANIARDS WERE DEFEATED AND DRIVEN BACK.

OLD BELFRY FROM WHICH SKETCH OF THE ROUGH RIDERS' FIGHT WAS MADE BY OUR ARTIST.

DER OF SANTIAGO.

ARMY THAT LED UP TO THAT NOTABLE EVENT.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Just Before Santiago's Surrender.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TELLS OF THE FIERCE FIGHTING WHICH HE WITNESSED—HIS OWN NARROW ESCAPES FROM A SPANISH SHARPSHOOTER—BRAVERY OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS—HARDSHIPS OF NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

(From our Special War Artist at the Front.)

HEADQUARTERS, THREE MILES FROM SANTIAGO, July 3d, 1898.—I came in here this morning to send on the more important of the sketches I have been able to get. One is a sketch of the fight that took place the third day of the landing of the expedition—the one where the rough riders got so cut up, together with two other dismounted cavalry regiments. Another I made two days before our attack on Santiago. The Spaniards abandoned the place in the morning and the Cubans occupied it immediately afterwards, and I followed them in. It was our first glimpse of the city—at only 4,000 yards' range. The valley commanded by the ruined old hacienda, from which I made my sketch, is beautiful beyond anything I ever saw—a perfect Eden of luxurious tropical growth, with groups of white-stemmed, graceful "royal palms" towering slender above. Santiago sparkles in the sun, with its red-tile roofs and white, yellow, and blue houses clustered round church-towers and spires. My sketch was made from the old belfry where hung a most beautiful-toned bronze bell, elaborately decorated in *repoussé*.

I also send a sketch of the rush on the block-house called San Juan and the outermost works of Santiago on the first day's fighting. We had been watching the shells from our battery dropping into the hills along the edge of Santiago for four or five hours, while the troops, under cover of the tropical forest, worked up to the base of the hills along which stretched the first line of the Spanish intrenchments. When all was ready the three cavalry regiments made a charge under a withering fire, over the level for a possible hundred yards, and then up the lower half of the steep hill, when they began creeping up under cover of the curve of the hill leaning to the right. There they got tree cover to enable them to flank the intrenchments on the first hill until the Tenth could rush in the pits. All this under a terrible fire from the Spaniards, who fought with the very greatest courage and pertinacity. Presently we were able to bring the Gatlings into action, flanking them, which brought the Spaniards out. Then followed a magnificent charge (of the most costly character to us) on the block-house. We were unable to hold it, owing to flanking fires, and retreated to our intrenchments. Later the block-house was re-occupied and again abandoned.

It was a beautiful sight to see the men following their flags, the stars and stripes and the yellow regimental flag of one of the cavalry regiments (note that all the cavalry regiments were dismounted) streaming up the hill dotted with dead and wounded, the intrenchments simply hailing Mauser bullets into them. It was the sort of thing that struck me as heroic in the men, but foolhardy in the officers that commanded it. Added to our own artillery fire (quite inefficient), the unceasing crash of Spanish volley firing and our own infantry fire, we heard the roar of the guns of Cervera's fleet throwing shells over the ridge, most of which appeared to burst over the town, however. By evening our men had possession of practically the whole line of hills—a range running parallel to the range upon which the city skirts, and 400 to 600 yards from it. During the night the Americans dug fresh trenches (infinitely better arranged than those of the Spaniards had been) along the hills.

July 2d, fire started with great vigor, and the firing was almost continuous. Our artillery was practically silent all day—a position taken up by it on the hills being rendered totally untenable in some twenty minutes. The infantry managed to advance in places, and our line was much extended. Coming back to headquarters camp the first night of the fight, I very narrowly escaped being shot. A sharpshooter in a tree back from the road got in five shots at me in an open space of not more than thirty feet. Having a picked shot giving one his entire and undivided attention is, I find, very much more embarrassing than the volleys of troops in a battle. These guerrillas have harassed our entire line and played the very devil with us. For the matter of that, in the way of killed and wounded we have had the worst of it altogether, to my notion. This morning there is heavy cannonading going on from one or other of the fleets; we are firing only at intervals. It is amusing to watch the way the game goes. We will see a group of our men leap out of the trenches and run, dodging down over the brow of the hill for grub and ammunition. Instantly a tremendous volley from the Spaniards follows, which takes several minutes to quiet down. The roads are full of pack-mules taking up rations and wounded coming back. The sharpshooters are pelting at them quite indiscriminately, and are killing wounded red-cross people, ambulance mules, and doctors, without prejudice. Our entire right and left flank for the whole length of our line of communication is absolutely without protection, and so these devils have neither let nor hindrance. My next sketches will be of details of these incidents.

I also send a sketch of the fight at Caney, or "Caney." This was as picturesque an affair as we could conceive of. The little town lies at the foot of the mountains, and to the east of it, guarding the valley, is an old stone fort, heavily built and looking like an ancient medieval castle—four round towers built on the corners of a square. Round the conical hill it stood upon was a deep trench, and from here came the galling fire that made a whole day's task of taking this tiny village with 400 soldiers in it. They accounted for their own number in dead and wounded soldiers, so there was little glory in it for us. We had two guns trained on it. They were stationed behind the point of view of my sketch, some 4,000 yards, and kept up a very slow and desultory fire until they had smashed the fort pretty well to pieces, after which our troops, who had been lying exposed to the most terrible fire imaginable, while the two guns (there should have been a dozen) pounded along at their leisure, laid off at intervals for lunch, I suppose. It seemed so to me, watching it, at all events. It made me feel sick.

All these fights have been artillery propositions, and the infantry has had to do the work. We brought sixteen light guns with us to take one of the most wonderful naturally fortified cities in the world. The battery of siege-guns we brought with us hasn't been brought into use yet. We hear that two have been taken off the ships. We correspondents have really been down to hard pan campaigning. We have been obliged to pack on our backs our blankets, ponchos, three days' grub, water, materials, camera, etc. It rains every afternoon in torrents, so that we have difficulty in getting a fire at night to cook over or dry ourselves by. We have no tents, have to cook for ourselves, wash our clothes (having no spare ones), when we can. I haven't had a shave since leaving the ship, of course. My one shirt is ragged, my boots are full of holes, and I look more like a *reconcentrado* than anything else. This book and a few pencils, four rolls of film and my camera, are all the materials I have to get me through with this business. We have lived on hard-tack and "sow-belly," and part of the time on half rations. The correspondents have no consideration whatever shown them now. Headquarters will not take their letters, and I am obliged to trust this to a carrier going to the post, who promises to post it. All my envelopes and stamps have been spoiled by the damp and rain. I begged the envelope this is going by from one of General Garcia's staff. This is all I have time to write at present. I hope by the time I have my next batch ready that we will have taken Santiago, when we may be able to get our baggage and supplies.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

The Darker Side of War.

ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED FROM THE FRONT AT KEY WEST—HARDSHIPS OF THE SUFFERING SOLDIERS—HEART-RENDING STORIES TOLD.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, July 7th, 1898.—The quarantine has been removed from the convent hospital here, and it has been thrown open for the reception of the wounded. Three hundred and twenty-five arrived from Santiago on the steamer *Iroquois* on the night of July 5th. They disembarked at once. Most of them could walk or hobble, and these were marched to the street-cars in squads and driven to the hospital. Some of them walked all the distance. About twenty were taken from the ship on stretchers and piled into the six waiting ambulances. The men were obliged to pass through a large crowd, a crowd which received them in absolute silence as they limped by, clothed in the remnants of their ragged, blood-stained uniforms. Amongst the officers there was hardly a blouse or an epaulet left, but their white bandages shone in the moonlight. Not a cheer went up. The people stood motionless and speechless. There are some emotions which cannot be expressed in cheers.

Heart-rending were the tales related to me by the men that night as I stood on the wharf where they were disembarking. The *Iroquois* sailed from Santiago Saturday, July 2d, after the desperate fight of Friday. They had left their comrades on the field. Many were to lie there forever. The field hospitals were crowded with men far more desperately wounded than these, men who could not bear the transportation. Many of the wounded who arrived on the *Iroquois* were obliged to sleep on the deck throughout the voyage. There were not nearly enough berths for all. But a more cheerful body of men I never saw. Not a groan, not a complaint. These soldiers of ours are the most perfect philosophers in the world. Most of the wounds were flesh ones. A few had broken arms. Some had been hit by shells and bullets too—bullets which had gone clean through them. The Spanish guns are very humane—more so than ours. They are of small bore and they make a small hole. If the ball strikes a bone it does not shatter it and then separate itself or flatten out, so as to require many painful probings. It goes through everything, whether it's bone or flesh, and always goes out at the other side. When we consider the frightful wounds made by the leaden bullets of the Civil War we ought to be very thankful. The wounds of the 325 who have just arrived were found to be in a very satisfactory condition. Many of the men were allowed out yesterday and to-day. Their ragged uniforms, clotted with blood, were exchanged for comfortable pajamas, and in these they sauntered through the streets! Their presence is first recognized by the whiff of iodine. There were many such whiffs around the hotel, where several of the officers put up. They are wearing pajamas, too, or any old thing that they can get hold of that is light and cool. Some of them look very funny, but they do not mind that nor anything else just now; they are entirely absorbed in the enjoyment of civilization, of having chairs to sit in, cigars to smoke, a bed to lie on, papers to buy, and a diet more comprehensive than pork, hard-tack, and coffee, or—nothing.

We do not understand now, and we shall not till this fearful war is ended, the terrible hardships being endured in Cuba by our troops. The soldiers forget pain as soon as it is over, and will tell you that Cuba is a nice place; but some of the officers and an English newspaper correspondent who returned on the *Iroquois* after being at the front for thirteen days tell of men who sank by the roadside, overcome by exhaustion and heat, and who, of course, were left there. They say that it rains in a steady, heavy down-pour for three hours a day, the kind of rain that is peculiar to the tropics, an all-pervading rain from which there is no escape. The men simply took off their clothes and bundled them up in some shelter to keep them dry while they submitted to nature's shower-bath until the gates of heaven closed. Otherwise their clothes would never be dry. As for boiling the water—they were only too thankful to get it raw!

The other ships containing wounded men already on the way from Santiago are to be turned aside to Tampa. There are only ninety extra beds here now, and they would hardly accommodate the four or five hundred desperately wounded who are on the ships. Many of those who arrived the other day are going back, to join their regiments, on the next ship which leaves here. Our men want to stay at the front, whether they are wounded or not.

ANNA NORTREND BENJAMIN.

Perils of the Front.

A SCATHING LETTER—BURR MCINTOSH FREES HIS MIND—INTERESTING REVELATIONS FROM THE FRONT—FEARFUL HARDSHIPS OF THE ENLISTED MEN—LEADERS PANTING FOR GLORY WHILE THEIR MEN ARE SHOT DOWN IN AMBUSH—POOR "HAM" FISH AND MARCUS RUSSELL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

IN CAMP, SIBONEY, CUBA, Monday, June 27th, 1898.—It does seem rather hard that at this crucial moment, with first blood having been shed and being almost on the eve of the battle the moral effect of which will, in all probability, weigh very heavily in the scales of early settlement, it is impossible for a true-hearted lover of his country to write words of praise or even commendation. But no fair-minded observer, unless blinded by the glamour or "necessities" of surroundings, can find much, if anything, to praise in the past three weeks' conduct of this war. It has been almost a continuous period of criminal procrastinating. In the beginning, I wish to confess that I made an effort to be on the "headquarters" ship. I did this, believing it to be what one would imagine such a ship to be. Had there been more than one day given for observation in Tampa, there is a serious doubt whether my letter from Secretary Alger—and inspired by the President—would have been presented. But it was presented and received with the scant courtesy which has been shown to everybody except the chosen few. These personal explanations are made in order that I may possibly forestall the accusation of "sour grapes." So, having been rejected by the high, I have chosen to affiliate with the lowly—with the men.

From the beginning to the present this entire campaign has been operated purely and entirely on political and personal lines. Past service and standing in the army have been as naught against the influence of "political pull" and a bepetticoated smile. There are men to-day who by reason of achievement and years of service have won rights which should be theirs, who have been relegated or left standing still while those who are stamped with the brand of "favoritism" have been given opportunities to pluck the plums from any possible trees which grow them. Possibly it is war, and possibly those who are near the throne can fully explain any seeming shortcomings in this mismanaged affair, but at no time has the comfort of man or beast been considered—apparently.

It is unnecessary to again recall the days of weary waiting, with no reason vouchsafed, while in that inadequate, disoblighing Port Tampa; the six days of dreary crawling from that point to Santiago, with the maddening stops for hours; the two days and nights of lying out in the harbor there, with no information, no reason given for our punishment. It seems so little to complain of on paper, but when it is remembered that there were hundreds of horses and mules standing all the time, packed closely side by side, with thousands of men compelled to sleep in the immediate vicinity, which grew more unbearable each succeeding day, one may be forgiven for feeling bitterly. And on every single boat in the entire fleet the soldiers were the victims of thieving ship employes. Ice-water sold for from ten to twenty-five cents a cup. The leavings from the officers' mess—which were extensive, because unfit to eat—were sold to the men, who craved something besides the regular "meal in and meal out" provender.

The tension that second day off Santiago was almost at snapping point. The heat began to be felt. God's free air, blowing in generous quantities during the voyage, saved many lives. That evening, here and there, a horse or a mule that had been forced to give up the unequal fight was dropped silently into the bay. That night, when everybody had almost abandoned hope, orders were received to be ready for landing in the morning. It was still dark when we were called. For hours we lay out in the bay off Baiquiri, watching the first division land after the shelling of the village and woods. General Lawton commanded it. Other generals rank him, but he is a friend of the man on the "balloon-ship." When orders were given to land, there was also an order which read that "nobody not directly connected with the army shall be permitted to land until all soldiers are ashore, and then only when given permission." This was a directly-aimed discrimination against newspaper correspondents. Later five were permitted to land from the *Olivette*, the hospital and newspaper ship.

The pressure became a bit too strong personally about four o'clock, and I was forced to drop quietly down the side and swim about three-quarters of a mile. My camera came in with a trusty "striker" later, so about twenty good pictures were taken before sunset. I'll leave the pleasure to other correspondents to tell of their treatment. That night those who were ashore camped back of Baiquiri, except those under General Lawton, who moved to the front. The next afternoon, shortly after three, orders were given to move forward. At four o'clock we started. The rough riders fell in behind General Bates's division. It was a hot day. The march was nearly all up-hill, over very rough and sandy roads. We had had less than a day to get our land-legs, and the seven miles proved to be about all anybody wanted. It was dark when we turned into a field two miles from here. Down on the road below we saw the rough riders hurrying on. They came to this point and camped. But they were on the scent. The tip was given to the advance agents and chosen chroniclers of "Teddie's Terrors."

It is believed that the original orders from the "balloon-ship" stationed General Wheeler in command of Baiquiri. General Kent was to be in command of this place, General Lawton was to move to the front, while General Bates was to be in his support. But a little detail like orders in this "catch-as-catch-can" arrangement was not to be given any attention. General Wheeler came through and went to the front with the rough riders. General Lawton moved forward the same morning. General Kent was hunted up by the "balloon-ship" on Saturday. He was found down near the entrance to Santiago, in command of three of the largest transports. They had been ordered there last Wednesday morning—to make a demonstration—and had been forgotten. The troops on board landed here Saturday and have gone to the front. General Bates, who left Tampa with the most complete body, has been ordered to remain in charge of this place. The cavalry, which was so im-



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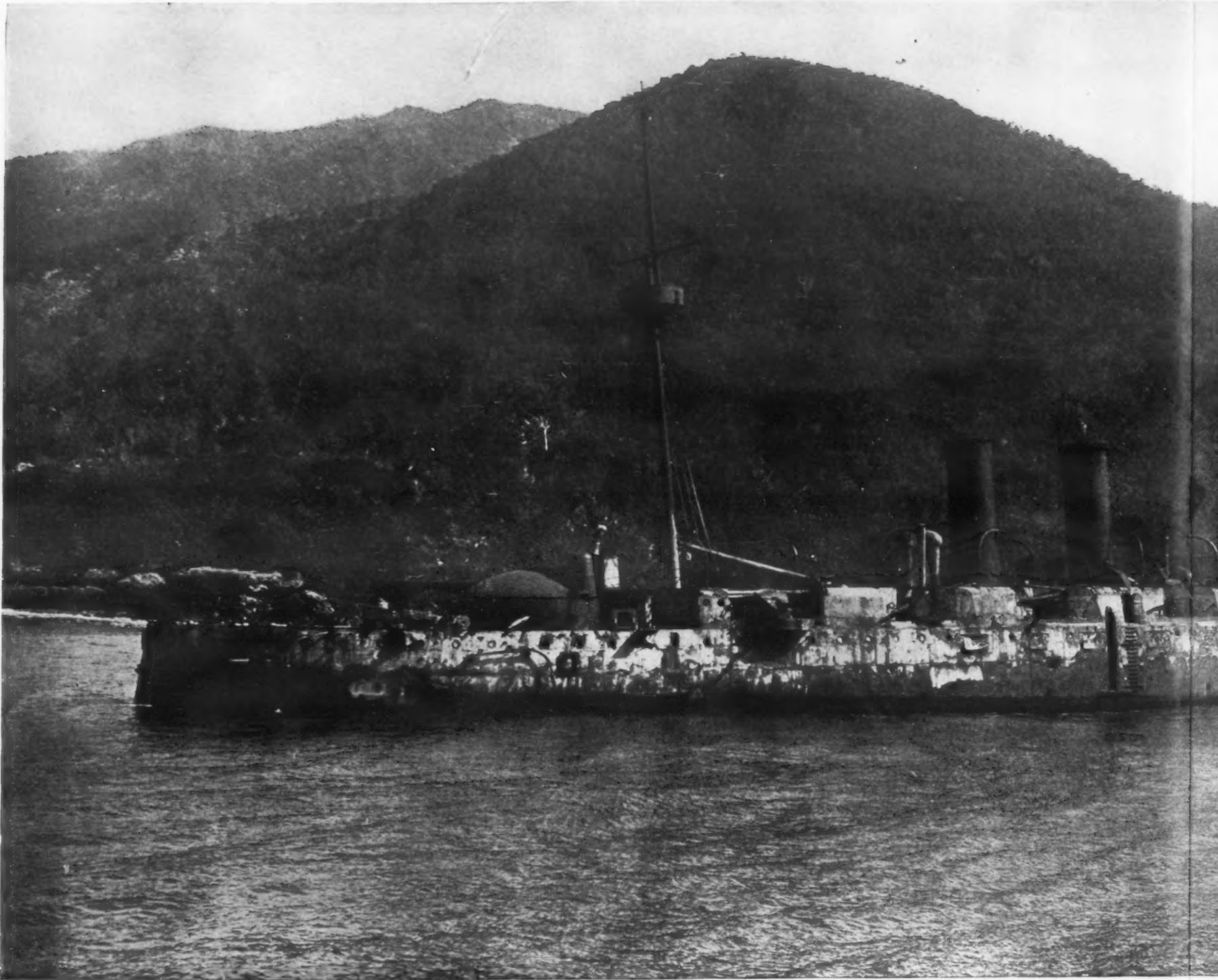
CUBANS WATCHING TO CAPTURE OR KILL THE SPANISH MARINES AS THEY ESCAPED FROM THEIR SINKING WAR-SHIPS—TWO DEAD SPANIARDS IN THE FOREGROUND.



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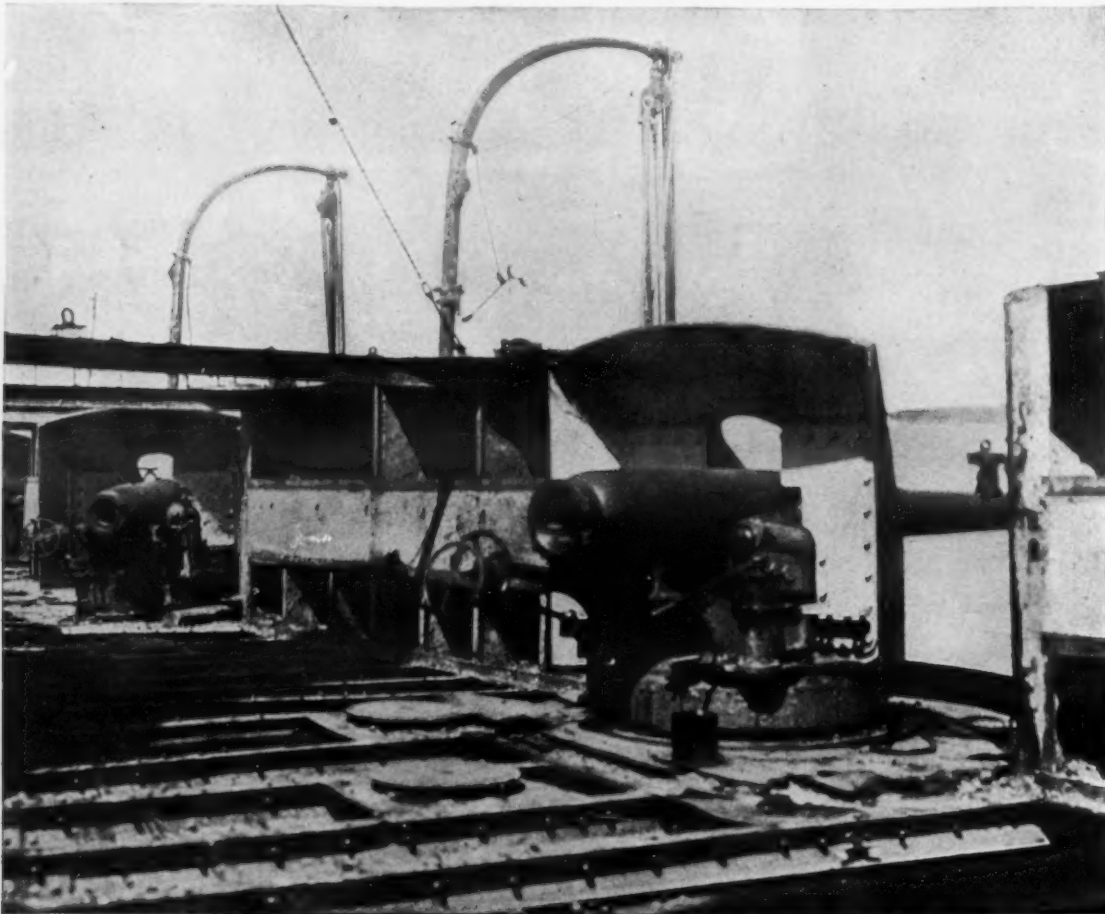
STARBOARD QUARTER OF THE "VIZCAYA," SHOWING THE FALLEN MAST WITH ITS FIGHTING TOP—THE LARGE THIRTEEN-INCH GUN IS THE ONE WHICH CAPTAIN EULATE, WHILE IN NEW YORK HARBOR, WAS FOND OF SHOWING TO VISITORS WHILE BOASTING OF ITS TREMENDOUS POWER.

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CERVERA'S ONCE FAMOUS AND FORMIDABLE SPANISH FLEET.
HOW THE HEROIC MEN BEHIND THE GUNS ON SCHLEY'S FIGHTING SQUADRON DID THEIR DEADLY WORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN JUST AFTER
THE ENGAGEMENT, BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



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THE "MARIA TERESA," AS SHE APPEARED SIX HOURS AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT, STILL SMOKING FROM THE FIRE IN HER BOW.



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PORT-SIDE VIEW OF THE "MARIA TERESA," SHOWING THE OPENINGS OF THE GUNS LEFT AFTER THE BREECH BLOCKS HAD BEEN REMOVED AND THROWN O'ERBOARD BY THE SPANIARDS.

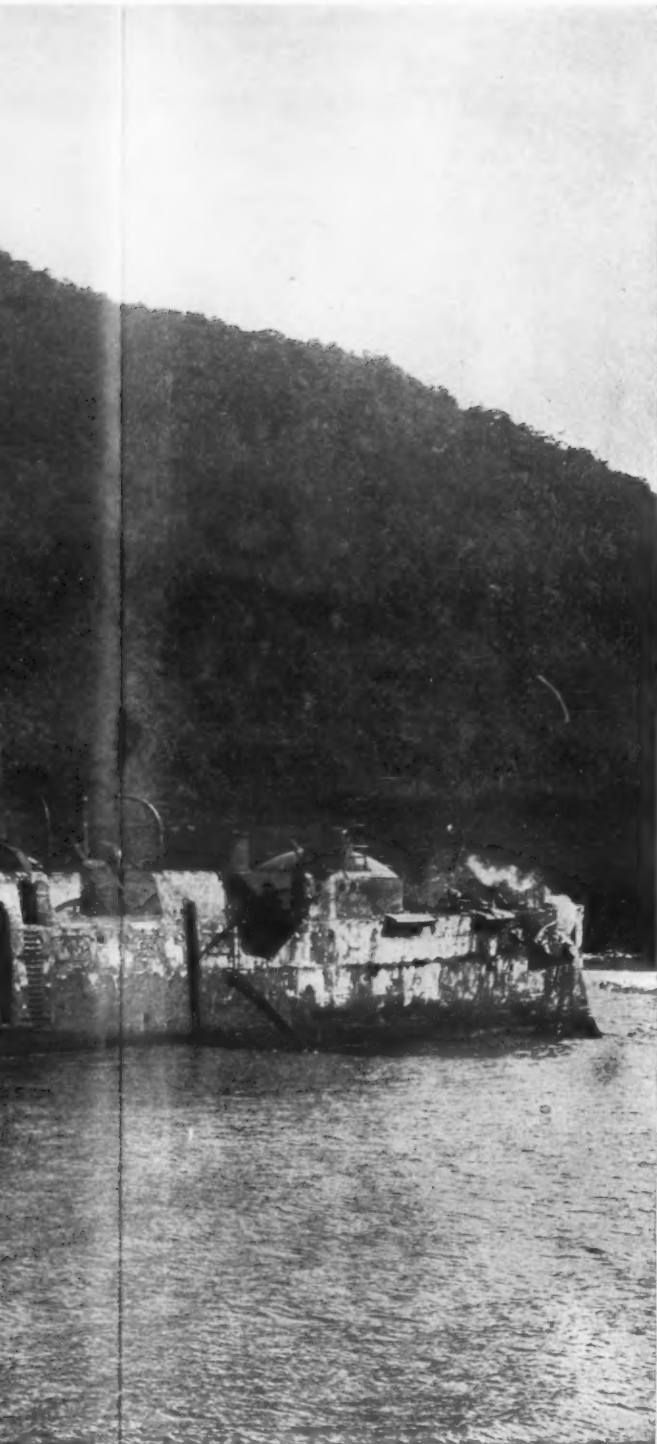


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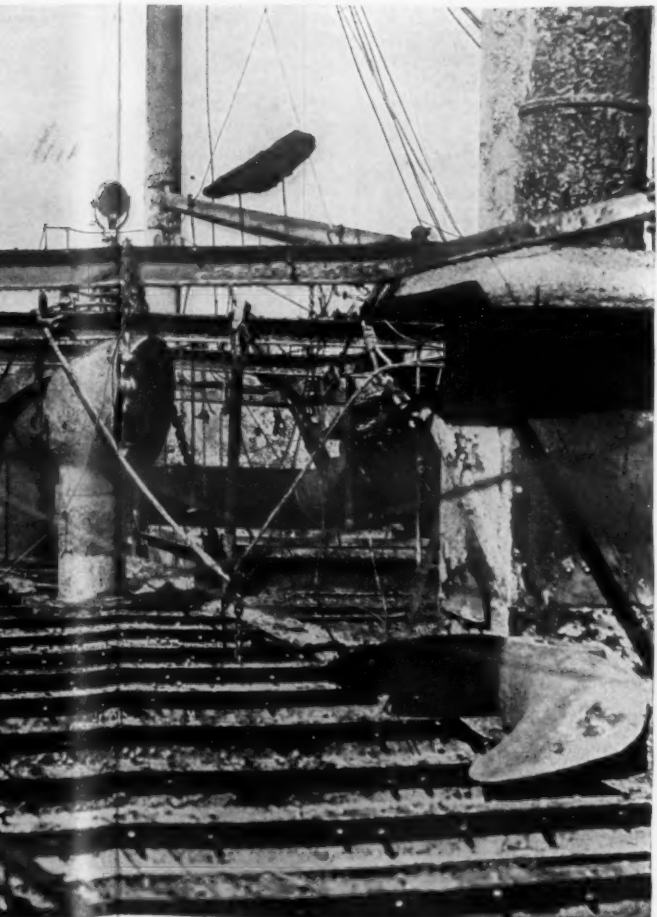
STARBOARD SIDE, MIDSHIP SECTION VIEW, OF THE "MARIA TERESA," BLOCKS IN POSITION—THE WOODEN PLANKING OF THE DECK NOTHING BUT ROWS OF BOYS ON

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CERVERA'S ONCE FAM

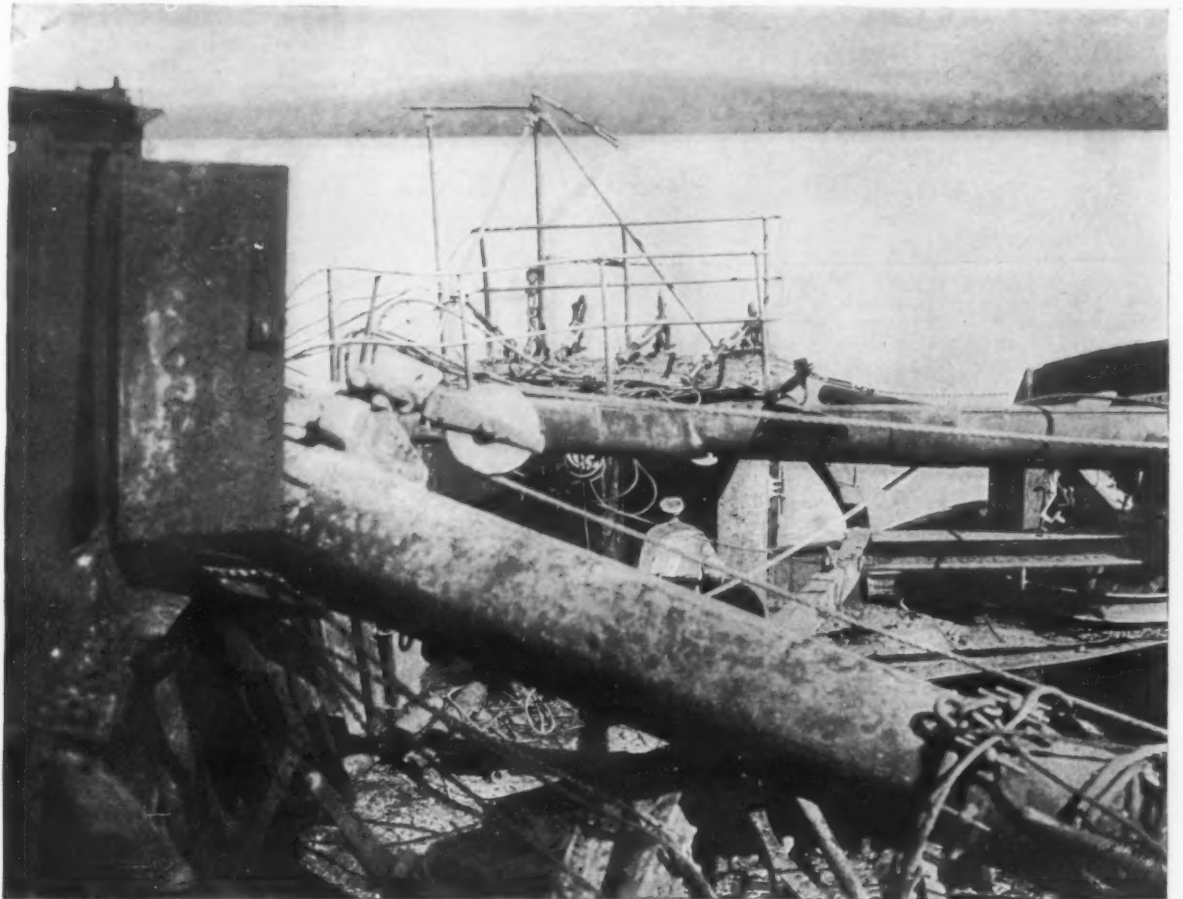
HOW THE HEROIC MEN BEHIND THE GUNS ON SCHLEY'S FIGHTING SQUADRON DID THEIR DEDLY



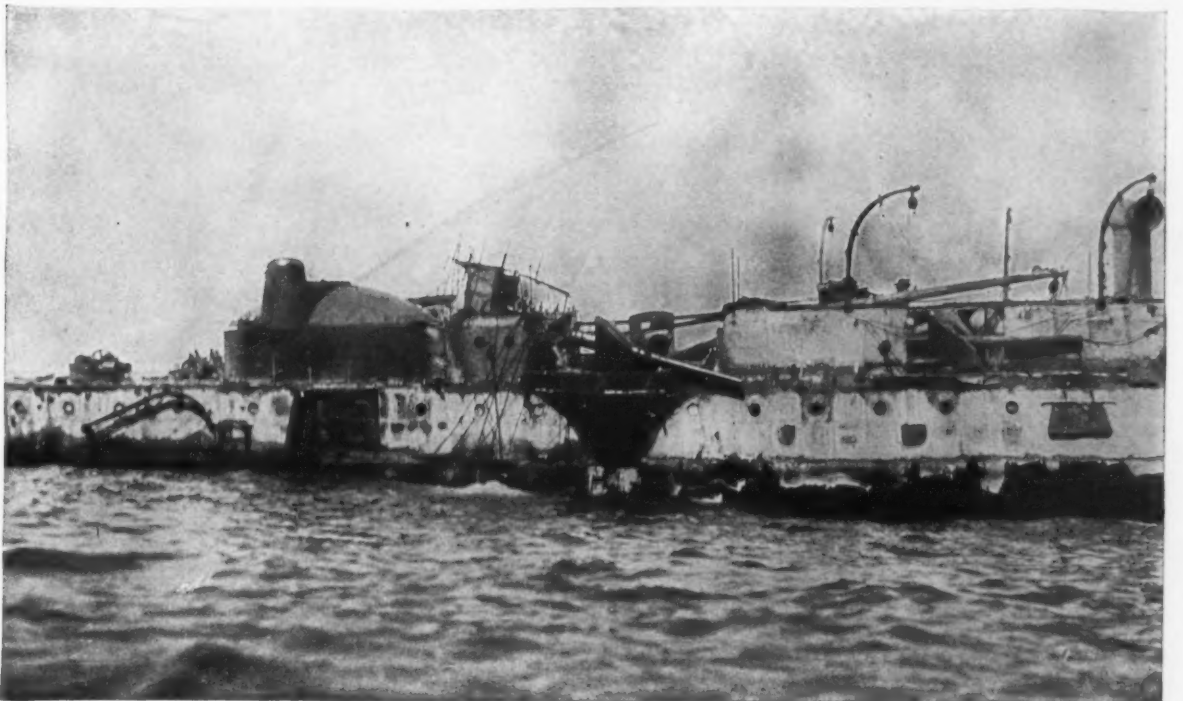
R BOW.



THE "MARIA TERESA," SHOWING TWO OF ITS GUNS LOADED AND BREECH-
WORKING OF THE DECK WAS COMPLETELY BURNED AWAY, LEAVING
T ROWS OF BOTS ON THE IRON-WORK.



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SUPERSTRUCTURAL VIEW FROM THE AFTER GUN-TURRET OF THE "VIZCAYA," SHOWING THE MAIN-MAST FALLEN
ACROSS THE DECK.



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MIDSHIP SECTION VIEW, STARBOARD SIDE OF THE "OQUENDO," SHOWING THE FEARFULLY EFFECTIVE WORK
OF THE AMERICAN GUNNERS.



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THE "CRISTOBAL COLON," CERVERA'S FLAG-SHIP, AS SHE LAY BEACHED AND ON HER SIDE, HER GUNS POINTING UPWARD.

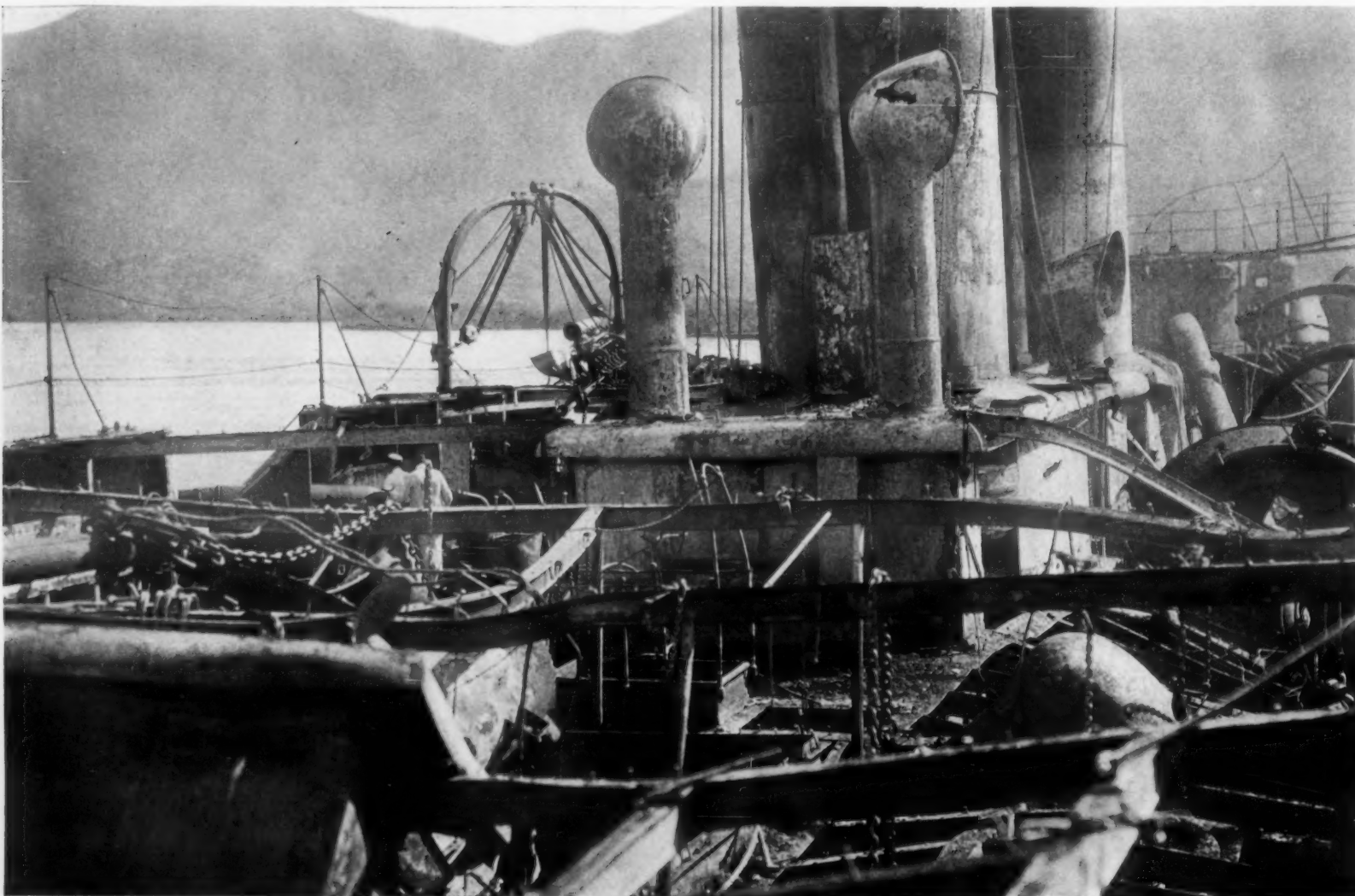
NCE FAMOUS AND FORMIDABLE SPANISH FLEET.

AND THEIR DADLY WORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN JUST AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT, BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



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BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE "VIZCAYA," SHOWING THE FRIGHTFUL DAMAGE TO ITS BOW, DONE BY AN AMERICAN SHELL, WHICH CAUSED AN EXPLOSION OF THE FORWARD MAGAZINE AND THE FALLING OF THE MAST.



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TERRIBLE CONDITION OF THE "VIZCAYA'S" SUPERSTRUCTURE AND MAIN DECK AT THE CLOSE OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CERVERA'S ONCE FAMOUS AND FORMIDABLE SPANISH FLEET.
HOW THE HEROIC MEN BEHIND THE GUNS ON SCHLEY'S FIGHTING SQUADRON DID THEIR DEADLY WORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN JUST AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT, BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

portant a factor, has been detached from him and placed under General Wheeler's command. General Bates, a soldier and a man, is modest. He doesn't know the political game. He has given his time to the study of war.

The rough riders left early the next morning. They knew where the Spaniards were. They were hurried on. I didn't see the fight. The command I was with moved into this place while they were moving out. We passed General Lawton about a mile back. He said nothing of any impending engagement. About half after ten word came of the fight between the rough riders and the enemy. I saw what was left about twelve o'clock of both battle-fields; first, where the First and Tenth Cavalry met their disaster, and later the trap of the rough riders. There is no question of the bravery of every man in that misguided body. Both officers and men undoubtedly fought as only true soldiers can fight. But how and why? The men who lie buried on these mountains to-day are there, the victims of the overweening ambition of some who commanded them. They did it knowingly and eagerly, but while intoxicated with the fumes of the glory-flower.

There was no vital end to be gained by sending that body of less than 600 comparatively untried men to rout an unknown, ambushed force, and especially in the physical condition they were in. One of the men that day, after the battle, said: "I've been in almost every country on the globe, and particularly in tropical countries in hot weather, but I never suffered as I did this morning. In the first place, we were all so tired we could hardly stand, any way, but when we felt the heat I didn't care if I was shot by fifty of them at once. It was simply hell." Many others spoke in the same way. There will be many stories written of the gallant charges. I've heard extreme tales of "traps," and nothing akin to them, but from what I saw of the fields, and the descriptions given to me by different men, in my humble judgment the enemy, chiefly ambushed, had ten chances to one. And yet they drove them back and gained—what? The record of a spread-eagle, unwise, ill-judged victory which will go thundering down the corridors of fame to the credit of the leaders.

It was a hard sight to leave poor "Ham" Fish there by the roadside, wrapped in that blanket. I took the last living picture of him when the *Yucatan* was in the slip at Port Tampa. Would that I could take another of him alive! Captain Allyn Capron, also of L Company, was one of the handsomest as well as most popular men in the regiment. He was his father's joy. There will be grim satisfaction for the latter as commander of Battery E, First Artillery, to train his guns on whatever may be before him. Just after the comrades of First Sergeant Russell, of Troy, New York, passed by, bearing his body in a blanket, I was shown the Testament and his mother's photograph which he had with him when he fell. There were many, many other scenes to touch the heart of the most hardened. But, as I overheard Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt say: "Yes; it was a day to be very proud of. It is very sad to think of the accidents, but it's the fortunes of war!"

BURR W. MCINTOSH.

General Fitzhugh Lee's Camp.

THE VOLUNTEERS AT JACKSONVILLE—A SUPERB CAMP AND A SPLENDID LOT OF SOLDIERS—HOW THE NORTH AND SOUTH FORGET THE PAST—GENERAL LEE HARD AT WORK, BUT HE YEARNS FOR THE FRONT—HAS HE BEEN SIDE-TRACKED?

(From our Special Correspondent.)

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, July 18th, 1898.—Much sentiment has gathered around the encampment of United States volunteers here, possibly more so than at Chickamauga, and certainly more than at prosaic Tampa, where the commercial spirit of the age has seemed paramount. The sentiment has centered around Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, the idol of all Southerners especially, and around his almost romantic naming of the place as "Camp Cuba Libre." There is gathered in the northern part of the city the entire second division of the Seventh Army Corps, while just north of this, and outside of the city limits, is the beginning of the third division, with the first division encamped at Miami, on the lower east coast of the State. General Lee is in command of the Seventh Corps.

The first division is under the command of Brigadier-General Arnold, a regular-army officer, and is divided into brigades as follows: First Brigade, Brigadier-General A. S. Burt, commanding—Second Illinois, Second New Jersey, and First North Carolina regiments; Second Brigade, Brigadier-General William A. Bancroft, commanding—First Wisconsin, Fourth Illinois, and Fiftieth Iowa regiments; Third Brigade, Brigadier-General Henry C. Hasbrouck, commanding—Fourth and Second Virginia and Forty-ninth Iowa regiments. The third division at present consists of the Second Mississippi Regiment only, with the Second United States Volunteer Cavalry of Wyoming also in camp, and not yet assigned. General Lee, in organizing and equipping this force of men, has encountered almost insurmountable difficulties. His staff is as follows: Personal staff—First Lieutenant Algernon Sartoris, First Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., and First Lieutenant Carlos Carbonel, aides. Corps staff—Captain R. E. L. Michie, adjutant-general; Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Livermore, chief engineer; Lieutenant-Colonel O. E. Wood, chief commissary; Lieutenant-Colonel L. M. Maus, chief surgeon; Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., inspector-general and acting ordnance officer; Major F. Von Schrader, acting chief quartermaster. Attached to staff—Major Russell B. Harrison, assistant inspector-general; and Major G. S. Hobart, assistant adjutant-general.

With the exception of Captain Michie, Colonel Livermore, Colonel Wood, Colonel Maus, and Major Von Schrader, the other appointments are from civil life. Colonel Guild, inspector-general, is peculiarly fitted for his duties, having been for many years connected with the national guard of Massachusetts, and held nearly every important position in connection therewith. He is also a prominent Bostonian, and has figured prominently in Republican politics. The others are equally well known. A special feature of the preparations for the present war, distinguishing the same from those of the past, has been the organization of the army hospital corps. In no encampment has this feature been more strongly marked than in Jacksonville.

Under the direction of Colonel Maus, chief surgeon, the hospital force has been drawn together by the segregation of the regimental surgeons and hospital stewards from their respective commands, for the care of the sick and the preservation of hygienic conditions. Recruits from the regiments have also been organized into the hospital corps, which will number several hundred men for each division, or about a thousand for the entire corps. In addition, there will be a large number of mules and hospital-wagons, together with tentage and appliances for the treatment of the sick and for surgical operations. The time of the encampment is being taken for the training of the different officers of the regiment, the stewards and nurses, for the field work of actual war. But three deaths have occurred, and these from causes not chargeable to Florida. The general healthfulness of the camp has been a source of comment. One thing that has tended largely to the general healthfulness is the excellent supply of city water, coming from 750 to 1,500 feet below the surface, and clear as crystal. Bath-houses have been erected by every company, with a plentiful supply of water for shower-baths.

The good feeling that prevails between the regiments from the North and the South is particularly noticeable. When the Northern boys arrived there was a kind of wonderment among them as to how they would be received by their Southern brothers. It has been with open arms, however, and courtesies have been exchanged till all are on the most intimate terms. When the Virginia boys arrived they were given the use of the bath-houses of the Wisconsin and Illinois boys until they could erect buildings of their own. There have been invitations to dine, concerts and serenades, and many such things that go to create good-will. The present struggle will illustrate that the United States are bound solidly together with one common purpose.

On the 4th of July one of the pleasing incidents of the camp was a visit made by Colonel Dows, of the Forty-ninth Iowa, with a large number of his men, on Colonel Baker, of the Second Virginia. The Iowa band accompanied the visitors, and on reaching the Virginia lines struck up "Dixie," which never fails to awaken the enthusiasm of every Southerner, and, in fact, has become infectious with the Northerners, who have come to love the stirring strains. Iowa and Virginia boys mingled together for some time, speeches were made, eloquent with fraternal feeling, and well showing the spirit that permeates Camp Cuba Libre.

A. N. ADAMS.

FITZHUGH LEE SIDE-TRACKED.

(From another Special Correspondent.)

CAMP CUBA LIBRE, JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, July 19th, 1898.—Why has General Fitzhugh Lee been side-tracked? Why has the hero of Havana, the idol of the South, the man of the hour, been relegated to an out-of-the-way corner of Florida while all the other major-generals are winning glory and a nation's gratitude in Cuba? General Lee was to be the leader of the invading forces in Cuba. He was to be the first American Governor-General of the West Indies. He was to occupy Blanco's palace in Havana, and, in fact, the son of Virginia was to have all sorts of opportunities for military renown, in recognition of his splendid ability at Havana. After these bright promises what a disappointment hath come to our hero. Here he is, holding the keys of Jacksonville, but still without troops enough to justify a major-general in moving to the field. Meanwhile he retains his headquarters at the hotel, sleeps and eats at the hotel, and hates the hotel. Lee would rather be in the field, but every time he packs up and starts field-ward, presto! away go some of his best-equipped regiments, transferred, by Washington, to some other major-general in order to go to the front. Now a major-general is entitled to a command of 27,000 men. Certainly, then, it is not consistent with the dignity or rank of a major-general to take the field when he has only one division, or only about 9,000 men.

Not that General Lee ever growls. The sharpest cannot trap the general into offering any comment. He will only say: "It is a soldier's duty to be patient, to obey, and to do what he is ordered to do the best he knows how." And as for writing a line or signing his name to anything—never! That was his strong point in Havana in all his relations with the Spaniards and in his attitude toward the press correspondents. His uniform becomes him, for though he is portly he is ever graceful. He gives his days to his soldiers and his evenings to the social demands of the ladies. Already his corps is called the "Fighting Seventh." This makes the general scowl. The idea of calling his command a fighting one when not a single man in the corps has been under fire. The general is not a hard but a persistent drill-master. He gets his brigade and division commanders up very early every morning and has them trot out the men for drill. Never mind the manual of arms, never mind the show tactics. Teach the men how to fire their guns, how to aim at something and hit the mark, how to march so as to avoid surprise, how to fall into lines of attack and reserve. Teach the men real warfare, enemy or no enemy. No matter how hot the sun, no matter if the sand burns the feet—get the men seasoned. These, in part, are Lee's orders.

At the same time the general has given orders to allow the men all possible liberties when off duty. As a result the streets of Jacksonville are full of boys from Iowa, Illinois, New Jersey, North Carolina, Mississippi, Arizona, and Virginia. They have

bought up all the live alligators to send home. And now that it is apparent that they cannot go to the front for some time to come, they have sent for the fond parents to come from all parts of the country to receive the live alligators in person. So the hotel is crowded with mammas and papas, and General Lee and his staff have a hard time keeping their spurs from tearing the skirts.

Lee's staff, by the way, is something Jacksonville is mighty proud of. The members of the staff, on their part, have all they can attend to, when off duty, in answering invitations to dinners, teas, card-parties, breakfasts, dances, and lawn-parties. Think of entertaining the sons and grandsons of several Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States all at once. For here on Lee's staff are Algernon Sartoris, grandson of the only Grant; Major Hobart, nephew of the present Vice-President; Russell Harrison, son of the second Harrison; Fitzhugh Lee's own son, and Lieutenant Carbonel, husband of Evangelina Cisneros.

GILSON WILLETS.

Honolulu Was Theirs!

THE CITY GIVEN UP TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS—BANQUETS AND ENTERTAINMENTS AND NO CHARGE FOR ANYTHING.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

SAN FRANCISCO, July 15th, 1898.—Nothing could have been more cordial than the greeting extended by Hawaii to the American transports. Three of the expeditions have thus far arrived. The islands are more American than America itself, which is the fashion of colonies. At the corners of the streets in Honolulu barrels of ice-water were placed, that no one should go thirsty. Tables were spread under palms and bananas, and banquets took place about three times a day, with pretty, dark-eyed girls for waitresses. No soldier was allowed to buy anything. Whatever he wanted in stores was his for the asking. Entertainments, fireworks, and dances were arranged for his benefit. The Californians write back that even the proverbial hospitality of California was surpassed. The whole city was beautifully decorated, all the shipping in the harbor was afloat with pennants, and Hawaii made itself very gay for its guests, as though the beauty of the tropics and the natural loveliness of the place were not enough. The whole island seemed unable to sufficiently express its love and loyalty. All the men were given shore leave and nobody deserted.

The first fleet of transports, conveyed by the *Charleston*, arrived after a quick and prosperous voyage. All of the men in the second expedition except four were in good health, the one man who had died having been buried at sea. The fresh-water volunteers were amazed at the sight of a whale. The men of Nebraska crowded the deck rail at this unusual show until the ships settled. As a matter of fact, the *Senator* was overcrowded, which was the cause of the sickness aboard. The four transports



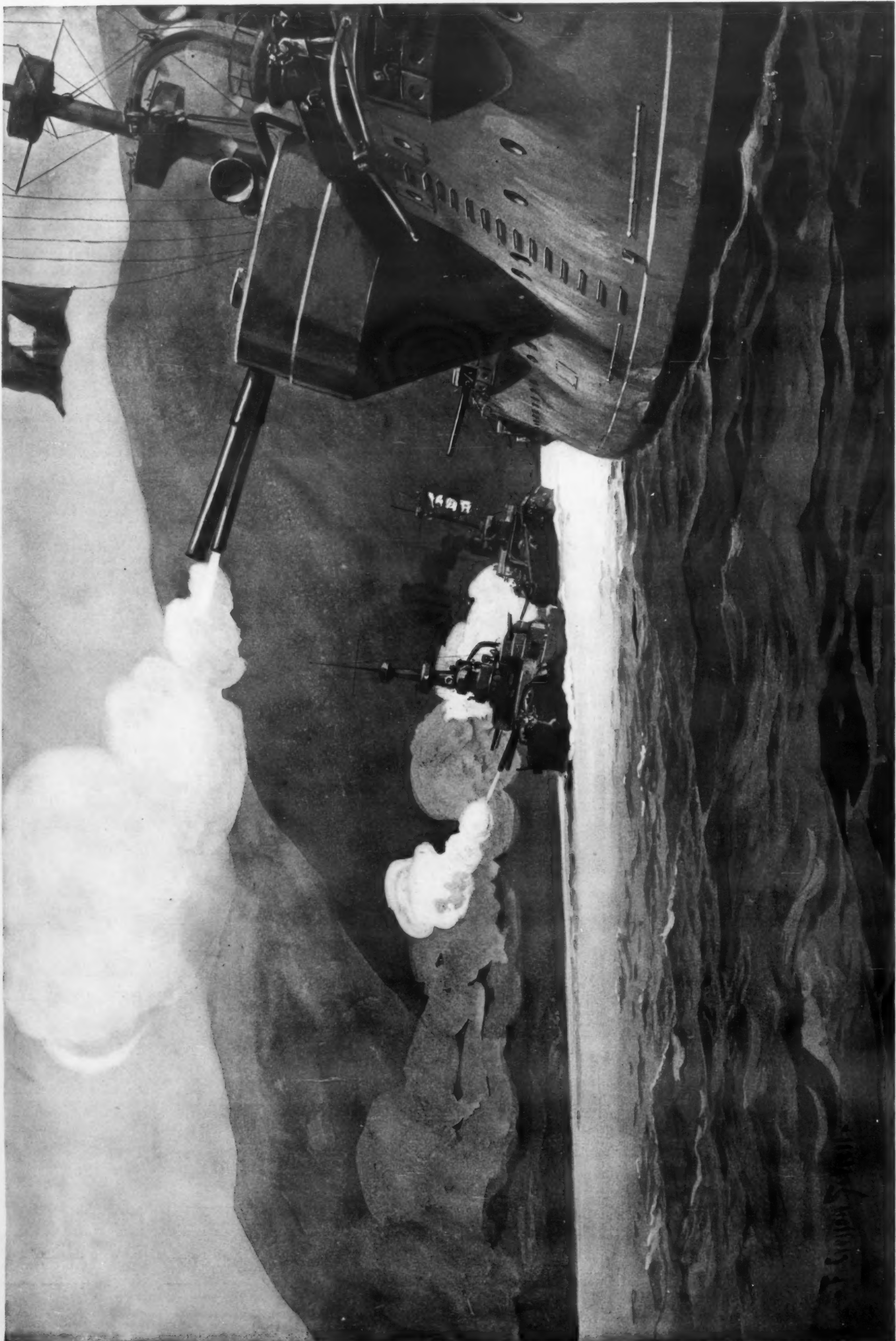
DINING THE MEN OF THE SECOND TRANSPORT FLEET IN HONOLULU.

of the third expedition reached Honolulu July 5th, conveyed by the monitor *Monadnock*. Upon the arrival of the Colorado troops the entire regiment was marched through Honolulu and four miles beyond, to the beach at Waikiki. There the men were given a swim. There never was such a bathing party on this famous beach as when the thousand heads from Colorado were bobbing in the surf. The bathing-suits of the place having proved utterly unable to meet the demand, the men bathed in their underclothing, or anything else that was convenient. After the dip the men were marched into the city again. They were reviewed by President Dole and then sat down to a banquet. This was no sandwich and coffee repast. The men had cold chicken and all sorts of meats and vegetables. There were free fountains of soda-water, and after the banquet the men lay on the grass under the trees and listened to the music of the celebrated Hawaiian National Band. The next day the rest of the transports arrived, and the entire body of 3,500 men were fed all at once. There was no second table for these men, and it is stated on reliable authority there was not a live chicken left in Honolulu. Native Hawaiians as well as Americans took part in the entertaining, and it is said that many of the soldiers left their hearts in Hawaii.

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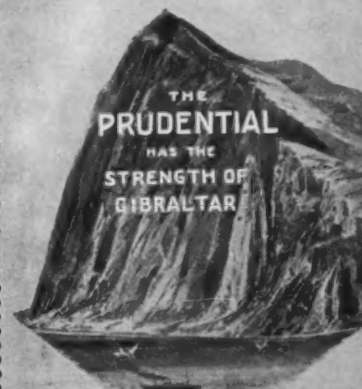
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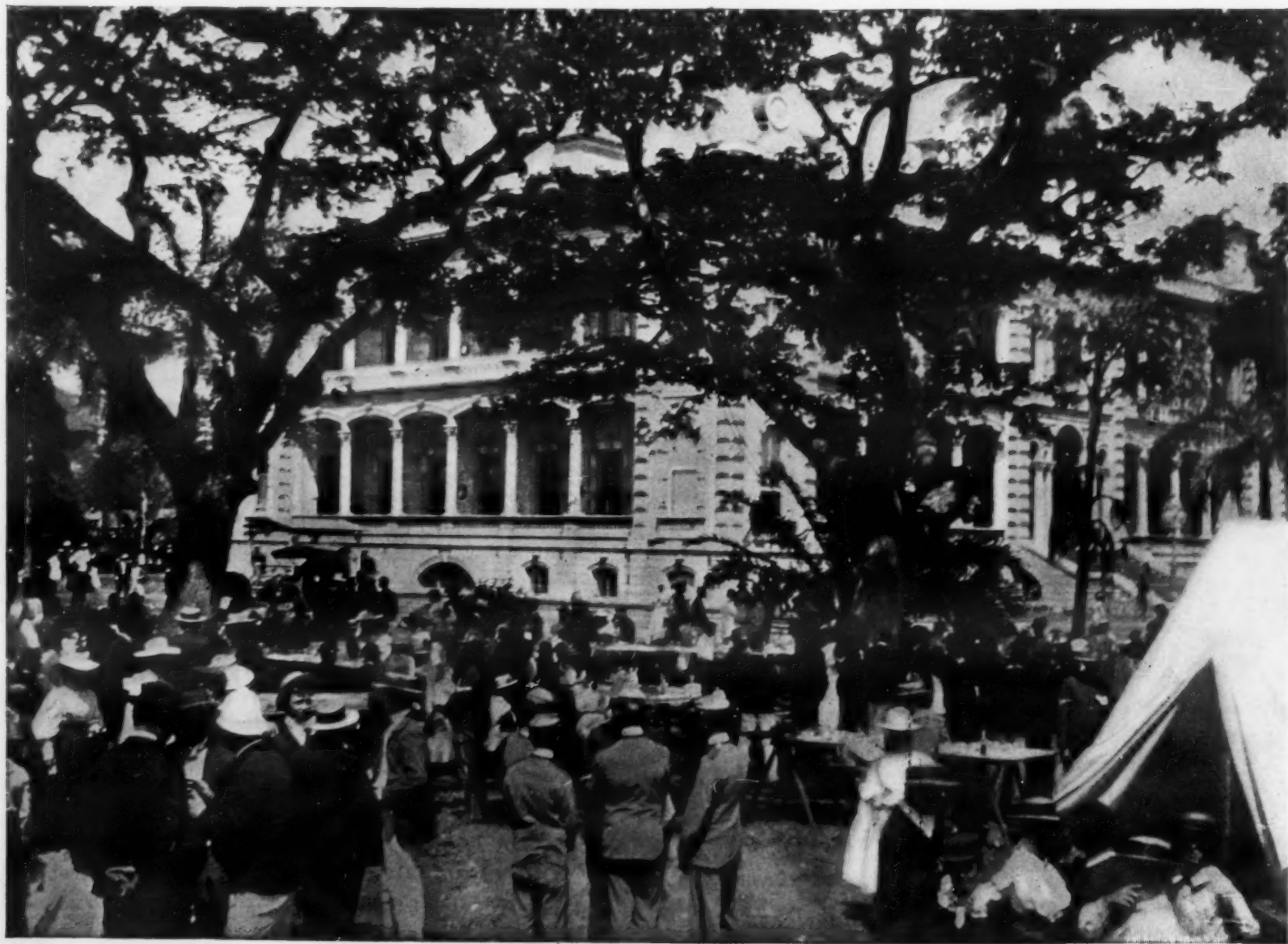
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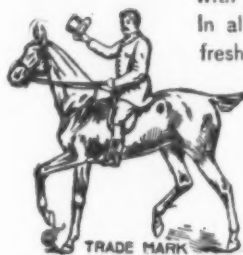
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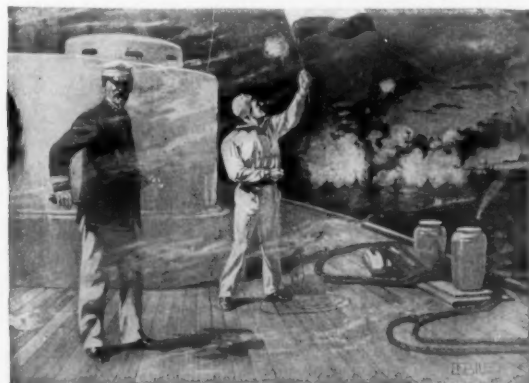
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